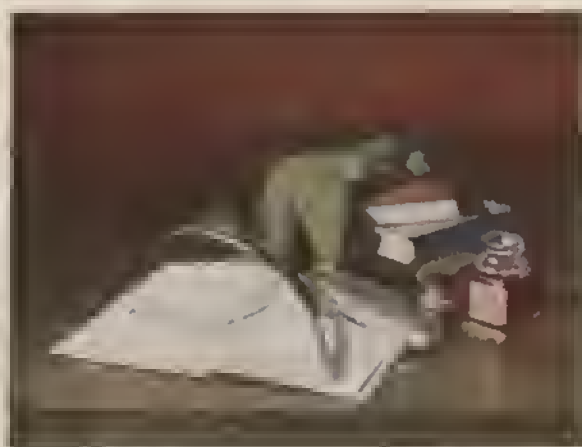


The
CARDINAL



1929



The Cardinal

Published by
The Class of 1929



Fifteenth Edition

Foreword



DURING our three years at Plattsburgh State Normal School we have gathered a store of choice memories of friendships, good times, pleasant associations and memorable events. We do not wish these to fade from our minds or to be crowded out by new experiences. This *CARDINAL*, we hope, will serve as a treasure chest to hold these valued memories, so that when we open the cover and peer within, we may see once more the faces of our classmates, and live again our Normal School days with the Class of 1929.



Harrison M. Terwilliger

Dedication



WE, the Class of 1929, look upon the dedication of this, the Fifteenth Edition of the *CARDINAL*, as but a slight token of affection to one who has served admirably as a Faculty Advisor and staunch friend for the past three years. We dedicate this publication as a memorial of that affection, not only to our dear Alma Mater, but also to

Harrison M. Terwilliger

*who is so richly deserving of all possible success
and prosperity.*

Mr. Harrison M. Terwilliger

Mr. Harrison M. Terwilliger was born at Ellenville, Ulster County, N. Y. He attended the Ellenville Public Schools, being graduated from the Ellenville High School.

The next year he was graduated from Spencer's Business College and then spent two years as private secretary.

Desiring further education he went to Ithaca and studied Law and Arts at Cornell University for two years.

His first real educational position was as Principal of the High Falls, N. Y., Public School, although previous to this time he had substituted several times in rural schools.

In September, 1919, Mr. Terwilliger began his work as instructor of commercial subjects at Corning, and the year following he took charge of the commercial department at the Drum Hill High School at Peekskill.

In September, 1920, he accepted a position as Assistant Head of the Commercial Department of the Albany High School, in which position he remained for five years. While at Albany he studied at the New York State College for Teachers and received the degree of Bachelor of Science. He was also for some time a member of the faculty of the extra-mural division of New York University.

In 1925 Mr. Terwilliger came to the Plattsburgh State Normal School as an assistant in the commercial department.

He is now enrolled during the summers at the New York State College for Teachers where he is taking a graduate course. His name is also to be found on the summer session faculty list.

In the fall of 1926 when the present Senior Class entered the Normal, it was fortunate in securing Mr. Terwilliger as its faculty advisor. He was re-elected unanimously in 1927 and 1928.

During his four years at Plattsburgh, Mr. Terwilliger has coached several Normal School plays. He is well known to residents of Plattsburgh through appearance in many local amateur dramatic productions. He was formerly President of the Community Little Theatre Guild, and is now one of its most active members.

To the Class of 1929

My friends, you have come to a "turn in the road." During the past three years I, as your friend and class advisor, have traveled with you, but we now continue upon individual paths. I am loath to part with you. Before you depart, allow me to congratulate you on your graduation and to wish you Godspeed.

Before each of you, there stretches a long road—the highway of life itself. Your training and general preparation will aid you in making a start upon this, but if you wish to make greater progress it will be necessary that you continually supplement the knowledge already gained. After all, the profit and pleasure you receive from your journey will depend largely upon yourselves.

Life's road will have its rough and its smooth places, and obstacles will appear along your route. Your passing over the rough stretches and your overcoming the obstacles will make you stronger men and women.

You have chosen a noble profession. It is filled with opportunity. If each of you can do something to make this world a better place in which to live you will have done a great thing. Keep in mind the best and the highest. Give your very best to mankind and enjoy the satisfaction that the giving of real service brings! Madeline Bridges has well expressed the thought in these two lines of verse:

Give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

My sincere wish is that each of you may be happy and successful.

Harrison M. Texwilliger



Farewell, Alma Mater



HOST, you would seem, our *Alma Mater*, but your spirit is still with us and will continue to be. And as we bid farewell to thee, we shall recall all the ideals and principles you have instilled in us. We shall never think of thee as gone but as a living spirit helping us ever onward. So, farewell!



FOR three years we have been your guides in serious preparation for the work you have chosen as a life activity. Your earnest application and sincere purpose have endeared you to us and we graduate you with pride and fond hopes for your future success and happiness.

¶ Our lessons have all been taught you, our advice has all been given, our admonitions have all been made. Nothing remains but to congratulate you and to offer you the affectionate encouragement which we feel and to place at your disposal in the years to come whatever of service it may be within our power to give.

Geo. K. Hawkins





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ADMINISTRATION



We feel we owe them much
Those pilots of our fate
Who have done their best to
teach us

How to labor and to wait
G.W.



Faculty



GEORGE K. HAWKINS, A.M., D.Sc.

Principal

Tenbrook Academy, Fredonia Normal School; Union College, A.M.; St. Lawrence University, D.Sc.



H. OTIS NOYES, A.B., M.A.

Head of the Department of English and Literature

University of Maine, A.B.; Columbia University, M.A.



WILLIAM G. THOMPSON, B.C.S.

Head of the Department of Commercial Teacher Training

Albany High School; United States Military Academy; Albany Business College; Rochester Business Institute; New York University, B.C.S.



F. OSGOOD SMITH, A.B., M.A.

Head of the Department of Elementary Teacher Training

Glass High School, Virginia; Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, A.B.; University of Virginia; Vanderbilt University; Columbia University, M.A. and Diploma.



ALFRED L. DIEBOLT, B.S., A.M.

Head of Department of History

Lafayette High School, Buffalo; Colgate University;
University of Virginia; University of Wisconsin;
Columbia University, B.S., A.M.



SAMUEL TODD

*Associate Head of the Department of Commercial
Education*

Spencer's Business College; Eastman's Business College;
Rochester Business Institute; New York University.



HARRISON M. TERWILLIGER, B.S.

Assistant in Commercial Education

Ellenville, N. Y., High School; Spencer's Business Col-
lege; Albany Business College; Cornell University—
College of Law; New York State College for
Teachers, B.S.



CHARLES W. BROWN, B.S., M.A.

Head of Department of Manual Training and Drawing

English High School, Lynn, Mass.; Evening Architec-
tural School, Lynn, Mass.; Massachusetts Normal
Art School; University of Utah, B.S.; Columbia
University, M.A.





FREDERICK A. WILKES, B.B.A.

Associate Head of Commercial Department

Hiram College; Zanerian Art College; Ohio University;
North Manchester College; Harvard University;
Boston University; State College for Teachers;
Columbia University.



LYNDON R. STREET, A.B.

Head of the Department of Music

Gratis High School, Ohio; Miami University, A.B.;
Cincinnati Conservatory of Music; New York Uni-
versity; Marshall College (Summer).



JOHN H. RUSTERHOLTZ, Sc.B., A.M.

Head of the Department of Science and Education

Edinboro, Pa., State Normal School; University of
Chicago, Sc.B.; Columbia University, A.M.



PAUL H. HARTMAN, A.M., LL.B.

English; Director of Athletics

Susquehanna University, A.B., A.M.; Syracuse Univer-
sity—College of Law, LL.B.



LEWIS BATES CLARK, B.A.

Assistant in Commercial Education

Rockland Commercial College; Eastern State (Maine)
Normal School; University of Maine, B.A.;
L'Universite de Besancon, Doubs, France (Certifi-
cate); Boston University (Summer).

ALICE L. O'BRIEN

Assistant in English

Fort Edward Collegiate Institute; New York University;
Columbia University.

ANNE O'BRIEN

Librarian

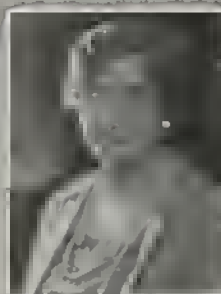
Fort Edward Collegiate Institute; Plattsburgh Normal
School; Special Library Work, Chautauqua and
Albany, N. Y.

ANNE L. CARROLL

Assistant in Science

Malone High School; Plattsburgh Normal School; Post-
Graduate Course in Science.





ELIZABETH M. KETCHUM

Assistant in Commercial Education

Oswego State Normal and Training School; Rochester Business Institute; Syracuse University; Columbia University; New York University.



LILLIE R. GOODRIDGE, A.B.

Health and Physical Education

Cambridge High and Latin School; Radcliffe College, B.A.; Wellesley College, Department of Hygiene and Physical Education.



OLLIE H. AMSDEN

Industrial Arts

Bloomington High School; Plattsburgh Normal School; Columbia University.



ELIZABETH R. HAWKINS, A.B.

Principal's Secretary

Plattsburgh State Normal High School; Plattsburgh Normal School; Vassar College, A.B.

IRENE P. BERG

Critic and Model Teacher, Third Grade

Utica Free Academy; Oneonta Normal School; Utica Conservatory of Music; Special Courses at Columbia and Chautauqua.



HARRIETTE A. INGALLS

Critic and Model Teacher, First Grade

Saratoga Springs High School and Training School; Teachers' College, Columbia University. Special Diploma in Primary Supervision.



CHARLOTTE E. CHASE

Critic and Model Teacher, Second Grade

Holyoke, Mass., High School; Lucy Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School, Boston.



BERTHA M. BARDWELL, B.S.

Critic and Model Teacher, Fifth Grade

Auburn High School; Cortland State Normal School; State College for Teachers, Albany, B.S.





KATE E. HULL

Critic and Model Teacher, Sixth Grade

Plattsburgh High School; Plattsburgh Normal School.



GRACE A. WILLIAMS

Critic and Model Teacher, Seventh Grade

Canister High School; Geneseo State Normal School;
State College for Teachers, Albany, N. Y.



ERMINIA M. WHITLEY, A.B.

Critic and Model Teacher, Eighth Grade

Plattsburgh Normal School; Wellesley College, A.B.;
Course at Harvard Summer School.



LUCY N. TOMKINS, A.B.

Critic and Model Teacher, Fourth Grade

Cornell University, A.B.

The
Normal Fire







In Memoriam

Grim, mute you stand with crumbling walls outlined against the sky,
One spire still raised in silent supplication, wondering why
 Things are no longer as they were.

The winter wind shrieks round you with an eerie wailing sound,
The ivy that clung to your walls lies lifeless on the ground,
 The friend we loved so well is gone.

Wordless, heart-sick we view the mass of shapeless blackened stone.
Embalmed within those ashes is the life we called our own,
 Our Alma Mater and our friend.

Some day again thy stately walls up from the dust shall rise,
Some day we hope to see thy spires kissing the summer skies,
 And ivy climb upon thy walls.

HELEN BROMLEY, '31.



The Story of the Fire

On that beloved spot where once stood our picturesque and handsome Plattsburgh State Normal School building, today there remains nothing but bleak, ice-covered ruins, the walls alone standing uneven against the horizon, mute evidence of the tragedy which swept the building and left it a heap of charred destruction. The fire of Saturday which was thought to have been the result of spontaneous combustion in the boiler room, started at about ten o'clock. It quickly wove its sinuous and destructive path along the basement corridor to the south end of the building, raced up through the stairways to the main floor and then ate its way up the remaining floors to burst flaming through the roof, all this within half an hour of its origin. Fanned by a brisk northwest wind the fire raged in fury, tearing asunder the framework of the building to toss the brick walls to the ground. The lofty tower of the building outlined against the red flames and black smoke endured both but weakened by the falling of its supports, it was an easy prey for the strong current of air and tottering pitifully, fell to the ground a mass of bricks and slate.

News of the fire sped quickly throughout the city. The black smoke that sailed high into the heavens could be seen from surrounding towns. Hundreds of people rushed to the western section in vain hope that the building might be saved, but the fire had made such headway in so little time that it was absolutely impossible to prevent it from totally destroying the school. The fire from its early moments sped beyond the power of the fire-fighting forces and spread before the wind with almost lightning rapidity.

At the time the fire started Mr. Street, our music instructor, was directing six children who are members of the Normal School band in the use of their instruments in the southwest side of the school building. The instructor smelled the smoke and investigating discovered that the corridor was a mass of smoke. The children by this time also sensed the peril and attempted to leave the building by the way they had entered but were forced back by the smoke. Mr. Street gathered the youngsters in the men's study hall where they were being taught. Next, he broke a pane of glass in one of the windows and, then, one by one he dropped the boys to the ground, a distance of about ten feet. Fortunately, there was no serious injury. After each child had been removed from the building, Mr. Street then jumped to the ground, not any too soon to avoid the falling bricks.

The bill providing for the establishment of our Plattsburgh State Normal School was introduced in the Legislature in 1889 by the late Hon. Stephen Moffitt and became a law June 15 of that year. The building that was destroyed Saturday was erected during the years 1889 and 1890 and was en-



larged by the addition of a wing 66 x 104 feet during 1895 and 1896. It stood in the middle of a large park bounded on the north by Cornelia Street, on the east by Beekman Street, on the south by Brinkerhoff Street, and on the west by Draper Avenue. The grounds were tastefully laid out by a professional landscape gardener and contain an artificial lake fed by a fountain, thus giving a pleasant contrast to the green lawns, gravel walks and stately trees. The building was three stories high with a spacious basement of brick and stone trimmings. It was 200 feet east and west and 160 feet north and south. In the basement were the boiler rooms and gymnasiums, study rooms, apartments for the janitors and store rooms. On the first floor were study rooms, large and attractive reception rooms, offices of our principal, Dr. Hawkins, faculty room and classrooms. The second floor was occupied by Normal Hall, the main study hall, library reading rooms and recitation halls. The third floor contained the science departments. There was also a handsome and valuable museum on this floor.

The Normal School contained a valuable library. Many volumes were in constant use by the students and some, perhaps, can never be duplicated. Several highly valued paintings were destroyed in the fire. One of these which had been left by the graduating classes of '26, '27, and '28 was placed on the west side of Normal Hall, the school auditorium. Other valuables such as statuary and furnishings were also consumed by the flames. There was not time to save anything in the building, everything within being an easy prey to the fire.

Fortunately the fire occurred on Saturday. When the Normal School assembled for work during school hours, four hundred students of the general and commercial departments besides two hundred pupils of the grade school were housed in the building. Practically every county in the state is represented at the Normal, the only State Normal School which contains a commercial department.

Due to the fire everyone was wondering what would happen to the students. But it did not take long to find a place. The splendid spirit the people of Plattsburgh displayed can never be fully realized. Every church, club, and other organization offered rooms, chairs, and, in fact, anything that could be used.

And to think that only two days of school were lost. Much credit must be given Dr. Hawkins, our principal, Mayor McGaulley, Dr. Dearborn, Hon. Wallace E. Pierce, and others for the efficient manner in which they recovered from the shock and for the arrangements they made for the continuation of school. The City Hall offered to Dr. Hawkins was gladly accepted and immediately it was turned into a school building and is now our temporary Alma Mater and here regardless of all the conditions we had encountered, we completed our school year with great success.

(Excerpts from the *Plattsburgh Daily Press*.)



Farewell, Old Friend

For nearly forty years the Plattsburgh Normal School has been the chief source of pride of this city. We called it our own and each felt a real personal affection for the fine old building. It was one of the first places to which the visitor was taken and was probably the longest to live in the memory of those who had been taken to see the city's landmarks.

What must have been, then, the blow to the people of this city when they realized that the Normal School was doomed? Can imagination probe the depths of feeling of the people of Plattsburgh as they saw the clouds of smoke rise into the air and the word was flashed from lip to lip that that ascending sheet of black which was darkening the sky to the west was from the Normal's funeral pyre?

Fires we have had aplenty, but never has the present generation experienced a conflagration which left them with the same dull feeling of regret as that which filled the hearts of all as they helplessly stood and watched the Normal burn. The hungry flames were merciless in their ravenous gluttony. Not even an angry ocean following a doomed ship with lashing waves could show the rapacity of those flames which laughed and crackled in demoniacal glee as floor after floor and wall after wall fell with a crash, hurling myriads of sparks into the air.

In less than an hour a few tottering walls, window openings with ghost eyes and a once majestic tower, with great strips torn out of its side, but still bravely standing was all that was left of Plattsburgh Normal.

The Normal seemed to most of us like an old friend. If there can be anything personal about an inanimate object, that old school had a personality that was truly lovable. As it stood in the center of the campus at the head of Court Street on a gentle rise overlooking the city, it almost seemed at times as though the old school were smiling down on her boys and girls and the people of Plattsburgh over whom she seemed a friendly guardian. There was something benign about the very attitude of the school which all seemed to sense and none passed without throwing a friendly eye up the wide flower-hedged avenue which led up to the main entrance.

Yes, indeed, that old school was more than an inanimate mass of brick, stone and wood. It had a soul which echoed in harmony with the hopes and ambitions of thousands of boys and girls who passed their happiest days under the shadow of her tower. Within her walls and on her campus friendships were made which will last as long as life itself. In hundreds of cities and villages throughout the land, members of her Alma Mater will give a sigh of regret when they learn that the brave old school whence they issued with



high hope to conquer the world had been given its death blow. And some conquerors have gone forth from Plattsburgh Normal. Hundreds of cities will vouch for the efficiency of those teachers who are daily imparting the knowledge they gained at the Normal.

Not all of those who were graduated have remained in the ranks of the teachers. The ranks of other professions, the law, medicine and the ministry are plentifully sprinkled with those who had their ambitions fired as they sat in the Normal classrooms. They have succeeded in other walks of life and it is not in a spirit of vain glory that we claim much of the success due to the groundwork of character that was implanted in them during their days at Plattsburgh Normal. How could it be otherwise when one looks at the long list of devoted men and women who were willing to give the best years of their lives in making those in their charge, serious, self-reliant and self-respecting men and women.

Some of these instructors have grown grey in the service of the school. Dr. Hawkins, the principal, has been with it almost from the beginning. It was largely due to his efforts that the school gained the high place it held in this and other states. Others such as Dr. Henshaw and Professor Hudson have retired after thirty years of service and there are others whom those who know the school well will recall. They were proud of their school and they made a school of which we may well be proud.

Out of the shadow comes the consolation that the phoenix is not such a mythological bird as was supposed and from the ashes of the old Normal there is the promise that another Normal is soon to rise—perhaps prouder and larger than the Normal we all know but never a more lovable one. Those crumbling walls casting gloomy shadows on the evening sky, those hollow walls which once echoed with life and youth, laughter and work, are charred and grim, but it cannot be said they have not done their work and earned their friends. So, farewell old school. Peace to your ashes.

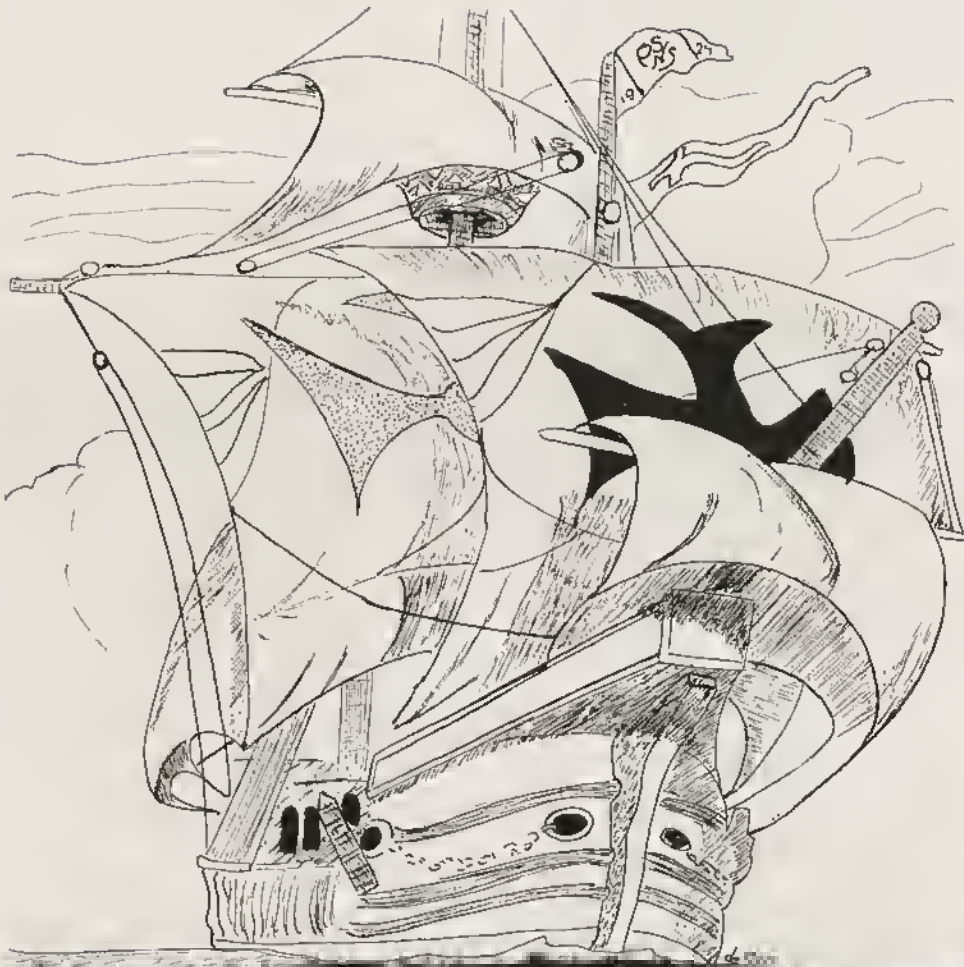
(Plattsburgh Daily Press, Monday, January 28, 1929.)







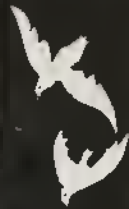
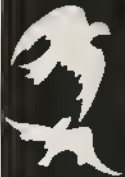
Classes



Courageous Voyagers

Majestic, proud with many a smiling face
Our ship floats in to take her honored place
Her voyage done, she anchors in the bay
For all her crew have earned a holiday

G.W.





Senior Class Officers

President—THOMAS O'NEILL Bay Shore, L. I.

Vice-President—SARAH HULL Morrisonville, N. Y.

Secretary—ANNA MULHOLLAND Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Treasurer—JOSEPH DONOVAN Salamanca, N. Y.

Class Colors—MAROON AND SILVER

Class Flower—RED ROSE

Class Motto—"TO BE RATHER THAN TO SEEM TO BE"

Faculty Advisor—HARRISON M. TERWILLIGER, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Thirty-two

AMY ELIZABETH ALDEN

General Wadhams, N. Y.

"One thing, however, I must premise, that without the assistance of natural capacity, rules and precepts are of no efficacy."—Quintilian.

Junior Girls' Glee Club '29: Salutatorian.



"Amy"

EMILY EUNICE ALDEN

General Wadhams, N. Y.

What we call Luck
Is simply Pluck
And doing things over and over
Courage and Will
Perseverance and Skill
Are the four leaves of Luck's Clover.



"Em"

ALBERT D. ANGELL, JR.

Commercial Plattsburgh, N. Y.

ΔTX

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

President Class '26-'27; Treasurer Athletic Association '27-'28; Manager Basketball '27-'28; Orchestra '26-'27, '27-'28; Vice-President Men's Glee Club '28-'29; Athletic Council '27-'28; Vice-President ΔTX '27; President ΔTX '28-'29; Class Orator; Class Bluff; Best Speaker.



"Al"



"Hazel"

HAZEL ERMA ARKSEY

General

Ellenburg Depot, N. Y.

"Be silent and safe,
Silence never betrays you."

EDITH ELECTA ARTHUR

General

Peru, N. Y.

"Edith" means happiness and if goodness and wisdom are agents of happiness then she was rightly named."



"Edith"

IMOGENE LOUISE ARTHUR

General

Peru, N. Y.

"Industry, economy, honesty and kindness form a quartet of virtues that will never be improved upon."
—James Oliver.



"Genny"

BEATRICE ANNIS BAKER

General Ellenburg Center, N. Y.

Let that smile, like sunshine, dart into many a sunless heart.

Girls' Glee Club '27, '28.



"Bea"

GERTRUDE FRANCES BAKER

General Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Music when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory."
—Shelley.

Girls' Glee Club '26-'29.



"Gert"

HELEN M. BAKER

Commercial Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Δ Clio

"And Helen was always a jolly good fellow."

Tennis Tournament '27.



"Helen"



"Barney"

BARBARA T. BARNES

General

Troy, N. Y.

"I hasten to laugh at everything, for fear of being obliged to weep."—Beaumarchais.

Glee Club '26, '27, '28.

GENEVIA FRANCES BARNEY

Commercial

Crown Point, N. Y.

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."—Homer.

Outdoor Club; Junior Girls' Glee Club '27-'28; Senior Girls' Glee Club '28-'29.



"Gene"

GUY A. BEAUBRIAND

Commercial

Dannemora, N. Y.

Δ Tri Kappa

"Beau," as he is known by his friends, is one of the star athletes of our class. His other hobby is playing the "sax" to which he devotes many of his spare moments.

Football '26, '27, '28; Orchestra '26, '27, '28.



"Beau"



BERNICE BELLOWS

General

Merrill, N. Y.

ADO

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courtous, though coy, and gentle, though retired
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd.
—Crabbe.



"Bernice"



"Catherine"

CATHERINE F. BENNETT

Commercial

East Hampton, L. I.

"We promise according to our hopes, and fulfill
according to our fears."—La Rochefoucauld.

ANNA M. BLINN

Commercial

Glens Falls, N. Y.

"A diligent craftsman, always on the go."

Junior Girls' Glee Club '28; "Husband
Hunters."



"Anna"



"Kay"

KATHLEEN F. BOWEN

General

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"The man that loves and laughs must sure do well."
—Pope.

Senior Girls' Glee Club '26, '27, '28; Normal Octette '26, '27; Choir '27, '28; Outdoor Club '26.

NORMAN BRAGG

General

Peru, N. Y.

Anyone may follow the crowd
But the greatest and widest known
Are those who choose their own pathway
And have courage to follow it alone.

Class Woman-hater.



"Norman"

MABEL D. BREWER

Commercial

Lyons, N. Y.

Δ Clio

"Diligence is the mother of good luck."—Franklin.

Corresponding Secretary Clio; Recording Secretary Clio.



"Mabel"

MARGUERITE M. BREWER

Commercial

Hancock, N. Y.

"Hand grasps hand, eye lights eye in good friendship,
And great hearts expand,
And grow one in the sense of this world's life."
—Browning.

Assistant Literary Editor **CARDINAL** Staff.



"Mike"



"Andy"

ANDREW S. BROADWELL

Commercial

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Δ Tri Kappa

"Blessed is the man who has the gift of making
friends, for it is one of God's best gifts."—Hughes.

Freshman Class President '25; Corresponding
Secretary Tri Kappa; Advertising
Manager **CARDINAL** Staff; Best Looking;
Best Dressed.

MAE P. BROWN

Commercial

Bay Shore, L. I.

Δ Clio

The brilliant light, entrancing comedy's her part
This peppy maid's vocation is her "Art."

Vice-President Class '26; Glee Club '27-'28;
Corresponding Secretary Clio '27; Presi-
dent Clio '29; Best Dancer.



"Mae"



"Hazel"

HAZEL JEANETTE BURGESS

General

Ausable Forks, N. Y.

ΑΔΘ

"A pleasing countenance is a silent commendation,"—
Syrns.

Corresponding Secretary ΑΔΘ; Girls' Glee
Club.

GENEVIEVE G. BUSH

General

Ticonderoga, N. Y.

ΑΚΦ

"Cheerfulness is just as natural to the heart of a
man in strong health as color is to his cheek."—
Ruskin.

Vice-President ΑΚΦ '28.



"Gen"

MARJORIE HILDRED CALL

General

Lake Placid, N. Y.

ΑΚΦ

Hildred comes from that famous northern summer
resort, Lake Placid. She may never be as famous but
she surely is as popular. She heard the "call" and
came to P. S. N. S. and we are glad she answered
it. Good luck to you, Hildred!



"Hildred"

HAZEL MARGARET CANAVAN

General Fort Edward, N. Y.

"The hand that follows intellect can achieve."

Outdoor Club '28-'29; Junior Girls' Glee Club '29.



"Hazel"

ROBERT W. CARPENTER

Commercial Poland, N. Y.

Δ Tri Kappa

Silence, when nothing need be said, is the eloquence of discretion.

Corresponding Secretary Δ Tri Kappa '27-'28; Recording Secretary Δ Tri Kappa, '29; Treasurer Junior Class; Football '26, '27, '28.



"Bob"

ARLENE B. CHAPMAN

Commercial East Moriches, L. I.

AKΦ

"Chappie" excels in basketball,
But we'll admit that is not all.
She's a girl who can't be floored,
Just let her talk and you'll not be bored.

Varsity Basketball '26-'27, '27-'28; Vice-President Athletic Association '28; Tennis Doubles '28; Recording Secretary AKΦ; Best Athlete.



"Chappie"



"Hilda"

HILDA RUTH CHASE

General Lyon Mountain, N. Y.

Hilda is quiet in school they say.
Maybe she's different outside, eh?

Always a good sport, dignified if necessary. She
has a certain attraction at Saranac along with her
twin sister.

Glee Club '27-'28.

MARY E. CLARK

Commercial North Tarrytown, N. Y.

AKΦ

Mary's charms are too numerous to squeeze into
this limited space. Suffice it to say she is popular,
pretty and peppy. Oh yes! Mary is a walking Dix-
ter's Webster's, too.

President AKΦ '28; Secretary AKΦ '27;
AKΦ Convocation Delegate; AKΦ Play,
Charm School; Senior Class Play, "The
Rector"; Inter-Fraternity Council; Class
Flirt.



"Mary"

GERTRUDE M. COFFEY

General Peru, N. Y.

Δ Clio

I find earth not gray but rosy,
Heaven not grim but fair of hue.



"Gert"

AGNES MAY CONNERY

General Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

She's pretty—she's nice
See her once or twice
And you'll like her.
But at that you don't know her
For if you see her some more
You'll love her.

Girls' Glee Club '27, '28, '29; Outdoor
Club '27, '28.



"Babe"



"Frances"

FRANCES CONNORS

General Dannemora, N. Y.

"And all may do what has by men been done."—
Young.

VIRGINIA COUCHEY

General Schenectady, N. Y.

"They are never alone who are accompanied with
noble thoughts."—Sydney.



"Virginia"



"Joyce"

JOYCE CRESWELL

Commercial

Bangall, N. Y.

AKΦ

We can sing Joyce's praises neither loud nor long enough but at least we can all join in the old refrain, "She's as Sweet as Sweet can be."

Outdoor Club '27; Financial Secretary AKΦ '28; AKΦ Play '28, Charm School; President AKΦ '29; Senior Class Play '29, "The Rector."



"Kit"

FREDA D. CROSS

General

Westport, N. Y.

"Only her modesty is greater than her ambition."



"Esther"

ESTHER P. CUSHNER

Commercial

Napanoch, N. Y.

AKΦ

Esther should a modiste be
To make us stunning clothes
Tell us what we ought to wear—
It's surely clear she knows!

Vice-President AKΦ '29; Corresponding Secretary AKΦ '28; Best Dressed.

ALBERTINE E. DARLING

Commercial Palmyra, N. Y.

Δ Clio

"Nothing is there more friendly to a man than a friend in need."

Recording Secretary Clio '29; Delegate Convocation '28, '29; Basketball '26-'27; "Same Old Thing"; Squarest.



"Al"

J. CATHERINE DEGENHARDT

Commercial Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

AKΦ

"Kay" is both learned and wise;
Efficient, and destined to lead.
And we should feel free to surmise
That "Kay" will certainly succeed.

Vice-President AKΦ '28; President AKΦ '29;
Inter-Fraternity Council '29; Outdoor Club '28.



"Kay"

LISLE L. DENICORE

Commercial Plattsburgh, N. Y.

ΔTX

"Our grand business undoubtedly is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand."—Carlyle.

Men's Glee Club; Treasurer ΔTX.



"Lisle"



"Agnes"

AGNES ELIZABETH DE ST. GUAY

General

Glens Falls, N. Y.

"A mind to conceive, a hand to execute and the will to work."

Senior Girls' Glee Club '27, '28, '29; Outdoor Club; Camp Fire Girls; Art Editor CARDINAL Staff; Class Artist.

MARY CARMEN DE VASTO

Commercial

Newburgh, N. Y.

Δ Clio

Full of fun and full of pep,
Always jolly and right in step,
In Personality she does surpass
Many members of our class!

Vice-President Clio '28; Secretary Clio '29;
Junior Girls' Glee Club; Senior Glee
Club, Inter-Fraternity Council; Most
Tactful.



"Mame"

ROSE MARY DeVETO

Commercial

Lyons, N. Y.

"I believe it is true that dreams are the true interpreters of our inclinations; but there is art required to sort and understand them."—Montaigne.

Treasurer Campfire Girls '27, '28; Class
Man-hater.



"Ro-Lo"



JOSEPH F. DONOVAN

Commercial Salamanca, N. Y.

ΔTX

Possessor of a quiet force which is some day bound to crash through.

Athletic Editor *CARDINAL*; Secretary ΔTX '28; President ΔTX '29; Inter-Fraternity Council '28-'29; Basketball '28; Manager Football Team '28; Athletic Council '27, '28; Senior Class Treasurer; Charge to Juniors; Best All-Round.



"Joe"

ANN RHODA DORFMAN

Commercial Locust Valley, L. I.

She came to school surrounded by mystery
And told nothing of her "irat-pin" history.
Now that three years have run their span
We find that "Sam" is the lucky man.

Junior Girls' Glee Club; Senior Girls' Glee Club.



"Anner"

WINIFRED FRANCES EMNOTT

General Elizabethtown, N. Y.

Δ Clio

"It's nice to be natural when you're naturally nice."

Junior Girls' Glee Club '27-'28; Senior Girls' Glee Club '28-'29.



"Winnie"



"Marguerite"

MARGUERITE FAIRBANKS

General Jay, N. Y.

"It is well to think well; it is divine to act well."

Girls' Glee Club '27, '28.

W. ROBERT FARNSWORTH

Commercial Ottawa, Canada

ΔΤΧ

"The great end of life is not knowledge, but action."
- Huxley.

Orchestra '26, '27, '28; Vice-President ΔΤΧ;
Cheer Leader; Glee Club '27, '28; Treas-
urer Class of '28; ΔΤΧ Minstrel Show
'28-'29; Class Cut-Up.



"Babe"

HELEN M. FITZGERALD

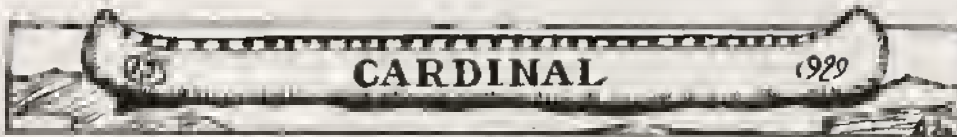
General Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

"Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach
And which a master-hand alone can reach."

Senior Girls' Glee Club '27, '28, '29; Secre-
tary Senior Girls' Glee Club '28-'29.



"Fritzie"



DORIS ANNE FITZPATRICK

Commercial Fort Edward, N. Y.

For if she will, she will,
You may depend on it;
And if she won't, she won't.
And there's an end of it.



"Doris"

LUCY FRAHER

General Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

Lucy is a quiet girl
Who loves her studies so,
We know she'll be successful
Wherever she may go.

Junior Girls' Glee Club '27-'28; Senior
Girls' Glee Club '28-'29; Outdoor Club
'27-'28, '28-'29.



"Lucy"

GEORGE L. GALLANT

Commercial Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Δ Tri Kappa

A cheerful countenance is an index to a man's character.

Δ Tri Kappa President '29; Captain Football
'28-'29; Senior Class Play '29; Associate
Editor *CARDINAL* '28; Normal Orchestra
'27, '28, '29; Glee Club '27, '28; Class
Giant; Best Dancer.



"George"



"Humpty"

GRACE B. R. GARRISON

Commercial

Walton, N. Y.

Δ Clio

"A true friend is forever a friend,"—George MacDonald.

Senior Play, "The Rector"; President Δ Clio '29; President Senior Glee Club '29; Vice-President Senior Glee Club '28; Choir; Treasurer Δ Clio '28; Senior Girls' Glee Club '27, '28, '29; Mantle Orator; Literary Editor CARDINAL Staff; Most Loyal; Best Speaker.



"Bunny"

BERNICE ELSIE GILES

General

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Δ Clio

There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

Recording Secretary Clio '29; Tennis '26;
Class Angel.



"Sarah"

SARAH C. GNECCO

Commercial

Amityville, L. I.

A student, conscientious
A friend, ever true
She who's not pretensions
Sarah, that's you.

DOROTHY E. GOLD

General Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"So much to do; so little done."

Girls' Glee Club.



"Dorothy"

SHIRLEY ISABEL GOODALE

General West Chazy, N. Y.

Shirley's a girl we all admire,
Modest in manner and attire,
Perhaps to some she is unknown,
But her artistic talent is often shown.

Assistant Art Editor CARDINAL Staff.



"Shirley"

RUBY M. GRIMBLE

Commercial Lyndonville, N. Y.

How fortunate it is that we have had as a constant companion so guileless and good-natured a person. As a fitting motto for her we might easily say, "Energy and persistence conquer all things."



"Ruby"



"Chris"

CHRISTINE E. HALE

Commercial Newburgh, N. H.

ΑΔΘ

"It is silent people who accomplish much."

President ΑΔΘ '28; Treasurer ΔΑΘ '27;
Inter-Fraternity Council.

INEZ VIOLET HAMILTON

General Greenwich, N. Y.

"A merry greeting for everyone and as true a friend
as one could find."



"Inez"



"Katherine"

KATHERINE HARRAN

General Ausable Forks, N. Y.

Katherine never worries
Neither does she fret
She's just the kind of girl
That we won't forget.

PAULINE V. HERLING

Commercial Plattsburgh, N. Y.

AKΦ

"Mind! not of herself."—Longfellow.



"Pauline"

EVA HINDEN

General Schenectady, N. Y.

ΑΔΘ

"As a wit, if not first, in the very first line."—
Goldsmith.

Senior Girls' Glee Club.



"Eva"

IRENE F. HITZ

Commercial Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

AKΦ

Irene is a gentle soul
She seldom scolds or frets,
She always has her lessons done
And oh! the marks she gets.

Outdoor Club: President AKΦ '29; Girls'
Varsity Basketball '29; Alumni Editor.
CARDINAL Staff.



"Irene"



"Sally"

SARAH E. HULL

General Morrisonville, N. Y.

ΑΔΘ

"So well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."
—Milton.

Vice-President Junior Class, Senior Class;
President ΑΔΘ '28; Inter-Fraternity
Council '27-'28, '28-'29; Most Demo-
cratic.



"Kin"

FRANCIS W. KENNEDY

Commercial Mineville, N. Y.

ΔΤΧ

"A man's man, whatever else he may be,"



"Pete"

ETHEL I. KETCHAM

General Plattsburgh, N. Y.

ΑΔΘ

Meek by nature and by size
Guess that's why she's sweet and wise.

ΑΔΘ Recording Secretary '27; Correspond-
ing Secretary '28; President '29; "Adam
and Eva."



MARIAN EUNICE KING

General

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure."
—Longfellow.



"Marian"



"Bea"

BEATRICE E. LeFEBVRE

General

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Labor is itself a pleasure
Stubborn labor conquers everything.

E. IRENE LUNDBERG

General

Schaghticoke, N. Y.

"There is great ability in knowing how to conceal
one's ability." —La Rochefoucauld.



"Rene"



"Jane"

JANE A. McCARTHY

General

Moirs, N. Y.

"But he whose inward worth his acts commend
Of gentle soul, to human race a friend."

CATHERINE McGHAN

General

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

"Speech is but broken light upon the depth of the
unspoken."—Eliot.

Senior Girls' Glee Club '26, '27, '28; Out-
door Club '26-'27.



"Kay"

MARY PATRICIA MACHESKI

Commercial

Newburgh, N. Y.

ΔΔΘ

'Twas Lee and Pat and Pat and Lee
The story told to you and me
'Tis Lee and Pat and Pat and Lee
Launching on the "Matrimonial Sea."

President ΔΔΘ '29; Junior Girls' Glee Club
'27-'28; Senior Girls' Glee Club '28-'29.



"Pat"

WARD E. MAGOON

Commercial Plattsburgh, N. Y.

ΔTX

Whenever he pulls a very hard course
Ward does not sigh in deep remorse,
He tackles the job with vim that pays,
And always lands those elusive A's.

Treasurer ΔTX '28; Best Natured.



"Ward"



"Gert"

GERTRUDE H. MARSH

Commercial Plattsburgh, N. Y.

She is quiet but full of fun,
She doesn't play or doesn't run;
But when it comes to studying,
For her the victory bells will ring.

Most Obliging.

SARA ANN MASTERSON

General Port Henry, N. Y.

I expect to pass through life but once. If there is
any kindness, or any good thing I can do to my
fellow beings, let me do it now.

Camp Fire Girls '27, '28; Outdoor Club.



"Sally"



"Arlene"

ARLENE A. MINARD

General

Elmira, N. Y.

"Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it."—Samuel Johnson.

Senior Play, "The Rector."

HELEN MARIE MONTANY

Commercial

Barrytown, N. Y.

Δ Clio

"A gallant little lady, and a true friend."

Vice-President Clio '27; Corresponding Secretary Clio '28; President Clio '28; Inter-Fraternity Council, Clio Representative '27-'28, Secretary '28-'29.



"Helen"

H. HOWARD MOONEY

Commercial

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Δ Tri Kappa

"The world means something to the capable."

Football '27; Vice-President Δ Tri Kappa '27; Treasurer Δ Tri Kappa '28.



"Howard"

ANNA E. MULHOLLAND

General Plattsburgh, N. Y.

AKΦ

"Ann's always happy
Ann's always gay
We hope she may continue so
Thru every passing day.
Is not this a priceless gift
To cheer another's road?
Some day she'll reap her own reward,
If she keeps up this code.

Secretary Freshman, Junior, Senior Classes;
Orchestra '26, '27, '28; Convocation
Delegate '28-'29; Gazette Editor '28,
Critic '29; Editor-in-Chief CARDINAL
Staff '29; Best Looking.



"Ann"

THOMAS H. O'NEILL

Commercial Bay Shore, L. I.

Δ Tri Kappa

Witty, but then, he's Irish
And nothing does he lack.
He has a smile which goes around
And ties itself in back!

President Senior Class; President Athletic
Association; President Inter-Fraternity
Council; President Junior Class; Varsity
Basketball Team '26-'27, '27-'28; Var-
sity Football Team '26, '27, '28; Treas-
urer Freshman Class; Treasurer Tri
Kappa; Sergeant at Arms Tri Kappa;
Most Popular; Wittiest; Best Athlete.



"Tommy"

C. SHEARD PARKER

Commercial Endicott, N. Y.

Δ Tri Kappa

"The power of man's virtue should not be measured
by his special efforts, but by his ordinary doing."—
Pascal.

Freshman Representative CARDINAL '27;
Recording Secretary Δ Tri Kappa '26-'27;
Junior Representative CARDINAL '28;
Vice-President Δ Tri Kappa '27-'28;
Grand Chapter Secretary Δ Tri Kappa
'27-'28; Business Manager CARDINAL
'29; President Δ Tri Kappa '28-'29;
Grand Vice-President Δ Tri Kappa '28-
'29; Inter-Fraternity Council '28-'29.

Fifty-nine



"Parker"



"Lou"

LUETTA BEATRICE RAUX

Commercial Ilion, N. Y.

Whatever we say about her won't do her justice
but we know that she will make a success of what-
ever she undertakes.

Assistant Editor-in-Chief **CARDINAL**; Class
Hustler.

EDNA L. SARGENT

General Ellenburg, N. Y.

Good teachers are rare
And so
We have not you to spare.



"Sarge"



"Helen"

HELEN V. SCULLY

General Greenwich, N. Y.

"I have found by experience that nothing is more
useful to man than gentleness."—Terence.

Outdoor Club '28, '29; Junior Girls' Glee
Club '29.

KATHRYN L. SCULLY

General Greenwich, N. Y.

"From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks, ten thousand little loves and graces spring to revel in the roses."—Nicholas Rowe.

Outdoor Club '28, '29.



"Kathryn"

ABBIE SHEA

General Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

AKΦ

When she studies she does it right
Her cheerful ways make passing days bright
Down the long land of future years
Let's hope she keeps her good heart and cheer.

Basketball '27, '28; Girls' Glee Club '27, '28, '29; Treasurer Senior Girls' Glee Club '29; Secretary AKΦ '29.



"Abbie"

RUTH H. SIDDONS

Commercial Morrisonville, N. Y.

AKΦ

To those who know thee not,
No words can paint;
And those who know thee,
Know all words are faint.

Secretary Girls' Glee Club '27; Choir; Vice-President AKΦ '29; Tennis Singles and Doubles '28.



"Siddons"



"Kay"

KATHLEEN P. SORENSEN

Commercial

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Genteel in personage
Conduct, and equipage;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free.

HARRIET S. SPAULDING

General

Crown Point, N. Y.

Quiet—not much; dignified—now and then; all
around sport—always; attractions—many out of town.
"Spaulding and Chase"—never one without the other,
but not sisters as some think.

Glee Club '27-'28; Outdoor Club '26-'27,
'27-'28.



"Harriet"

MARY ANN STENGER

Commercial

Corning, N. Y.

ASD

"To know her is to love her."

Basketball '26, '27.



"Mary"

LILLIAN STONE

Commercial

West Chazy, N. Y.

AKΦ

"Better trust all, and be deceived
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that if believed
Had blessed one's life with true believing."
—Kemble.



"Stone"



"Monnie"

MARGARET E. STRICKLAND

Commercial

Carthage, N. Y.

Δ Clio

"Beauty and Wisdom are seldom conjoined."

Vice-President Clio '29.

GEORGE LEO TAYLOR

Commercial

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Δ Tri Kappa

The wise man is sincere; but he who tries
To be sincere haphazard is not wise.
Knowledge is gold to him who can discern
That he who loves to know must love to learn.

Orchestra '26, '27, '28; Men's Glee Club
'27, '28; Assistant Business Manager
CARDINAL Staff; Class Shark.



"George"



"Al"

ALBERTA TODD

Commercial

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

ΑΔΘ

"Genial in manner and ready for fun,
Brimful of good cheer for everyone."

Junior Girls' Glee Club; Freshman Representative CARDINAL Staff '28; Joke Editor CARDINAL Staff '29; ΑΔΘ Convocation Delegate '28, '29; "Husband Hunters."



"Dot"

DOROTHY M. TURNBULL

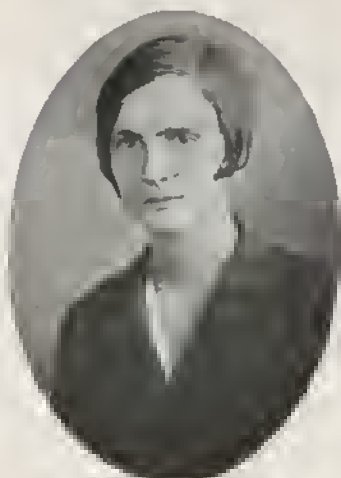
Commercial

Dewittville, N. Y.

ΑΔΘ

"Smiling always with a never-fading serenity of countenance."

ΑΔΘ Plays '27, '28; Senior Play, "The Rector."



"Polly"

PAULINE MARY TURNER

Commercial

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Talk to her of Jacob's ladder, and she would ask the number of the steps."—Jerrold.

Most Talkative; Class Cut-Up.

ELIZABETH UNDERWOOD

General Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"Her strength is as the strength of ten
Because her heart is pure."

Senior Girls' Glee Club '27, '28, '29; Senior
Octette '28.



"Betty"

CORA M. VanDERBURGH

Commercial Plattsburgh, N. Y.

AKΦ

"Co-Co" is friendly and appealing. She has a winning smile, and a dear odd way of saying things. She takes life as a joke and if you are one of her friends, you will soon discover that the world is a mighty humorous place after all.

Joke Editor '29 **CARDINAL**.



"Co-Co"

EARL H. WALRATH

Commercial Herkimer, N. Y.

Δ Tri Kappa

"Common sense is the gift of heaven."

Varsity Football '27, '28; Tennis '26, '27,
'28; Choir; Men's Glee Club.



"Wally"



"Red"

GRACE WARNER

General

Peru, N. Y.

"Ability to discern that what is true is true, and that what is false is false, is the characteristic of intelligence."—Sveinburg.

Assistant Literary Editor **CARDINAL** Staff;
Prize Story **CARDINAL** three years; Most
to Be Admired.

ESTHER WEINER

Commercial

Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Your fine personality, excellent scholarship and cheerfulness have helped us through our three years at Normal. We know that this same influence will be radiated in your teaching.

Assistant Advertising Manager **CARDINAL**
Staff; Junior Girls' Glee Club '27; Senior
Girls' Glee Club '28.



"Es"



"Billie"

VERA BELLE WELLOTT

Commercial

Red Creek, N. Y.

Δ Clio

"Kindness and human fellowship will molar and unbolt where all other forces may clamor in vain."—Roe.

Junior Girls' Glee Club '27-'28.



MARY M. WHEELER

Commercial

Dolgeville, N. Y.

Δ Clio

"The true and strong and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small." - Johnson.

Secretary Class of '30; Vice-President Clio '29; Junior Girls' Glee Club '28; Outdoor Club '28; "Husband Hunters" '28; Senior Play '29, "The Rector"; Vice-President Senior Girls' Glee Club '29.



"Mary"



"Ellen"

ELLEN M. WHITTY

General

Schroon Lake, N. Y.

"It is only the great hearted who can be true friends; the mean and cowardly can never know what true friendship means."—Kingsley.

M. PRISCILLA WILLIAMS

General

Ausable Forks, N. Y.

A singing heart,
A helping hand,
A pleasant smile
Are virtues which
Make a friend worth while.

Girls' Glee Club '27.



"Toots"



"Ruth"

RUTH N. WILSON

Commercial Whitehall, N. Y.

She was a scholar and a ripe and good one
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading.

Best Natured.

DOROTHY RUGAR WING

General Plattsburgh, N. Y.

She is sure care is an enemy to life.

Basketball '26; Tennis '26; Girls' Glee
Club '29.



"Dot"

CELIA ZEPF

Commercial Hyde Park, N. Y.

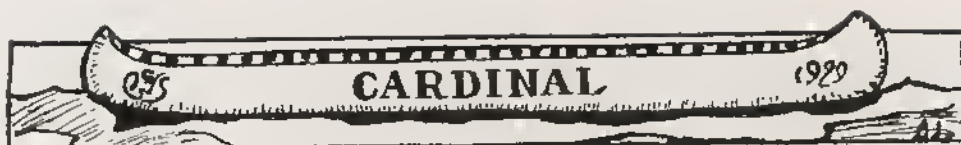
Δ Clio

There's a tale told of Celia Mary
That we are not supposed to carry
Here it is—'twill cause her joy—
She loves Fritz, her farmer boy!

Corresponding Secretary Clio '28; President
Clio '29; Treasurer Clio '29; "Husband
Hunters," '28; Orchestra '27, '28, '29;
President Junior Girls' Glee Club '28;
Outdoor Club; Best All-round.



"Cel"



HAZEL GREGWARE

"Hazel"

General

Chazy, N. Y.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate."

PEARL MAE LaBARGE

"Pearl"

General

Ellenburg Depot, N. Y.

ΛΔΘ

"My own thoughts are my own companions."

CLAYTON L. LOMBARD

"Clayton"

Commercial

Chazy, N. Y.

ΔΤΧ

"But above all things truth beareth away the vic-
tory."

MILDRED McGRATH

"Midge"

General

Granville, N. Y.

ΑΚΦ

Winsome, humorous with a smile for everyone.

Senior Poem

'Way back in the fall of twenty-six
We, as freshmen, put to sea.
We've weathered many a stormy gale
But weathered them quite cheerfully.

On through three years of work and play
We traveled through rain or sun
And we find ourselves in port at last,
And rejoice that our journey's done.

But though we rejoice at a task well done
Our joy is tinged with regret
For we're each setting out on a voyage anew
And leaving the friends we've met.

We're bidding farewell to Old Normal
And the crew that we're leaving behind.
We're saying good-by to her Captain
To us he has ever been kind.

And to you who will fill our places
We shall leave but a word or two
Do your work for the joy of working
And success will come to you.

Now, as we stand on the wharf for good-by
To friendships which time cannot sever
We say as we look at familiar scenes,
"God bless you, dear Normal forever."

GRACE WARNER.

A Visit to Plattsburgh in 1949

The day was calm and peaceful with an atmosphere that threw one into a retrospective mood. My partner, Thomas O'Neill, and I sat on the front steps of the piazza of our ranch house in Montana smoking our cigars and thinking intently.

We had not spoken for some time when Tommy suddenly broke the silence by asking: "Say, do you remember that fellow Mooney who used to be in our class at Normal School?"

"Old Al? Well I guess."

"I had a letter from him this morning. He is a doctor in Plattsburgh now. Do you know, that letter made me think of old times, and I wish I were back with the old bunch. What do you say to saving up a little cash and going East next fall?"

"Agreed," I answered and we shook hands on it.

Time passed swiftly and the fall came. We were true to our agreement and on the tenth of October we bought our tickets and were off. After two days we reached Chicago. As it was too late to get a luncheon at the hotel, we decided to eat in the station restaurant. The waiter who served us I instantly recognized as Mary Stenger. After a little chat, we left her, as we were in a hurry to get settled for the night. Losing no time in selecting the best hotel, we saw behind the desk a stately young man of feminine beauty with his wavy hair combed very neatly. I could no longer mistake this modern male Venus for anyone save our old classmate, Andy Broadwell, although because of a well-cultivated moustache I did not recognize him for a moment.

"Why, if it isn't our old friend Andy!" I exclaimed. "When did you strike this forsaken country?"

Very much surprised, he rushed forth to meet us. At once he wanted to know our life histories since we had left old P. S. N. S.

"Well, show us our rooms so we can rub off a few layers of dirt," I said, "and then we will talk things over."

In a few minutes we were settled in a comfortable room on the second floor. After brushing up a bit, we went down to the lobby.

"Say," Tommy exclaimed on the way down, "Who is that chamber maid? I have certainly seen her before."

I, who had thought the same thing and did not like to be beaten when it came to a question of a pretty girl, exclaimed, "Sure enough, it is none other than Kay Sorensen."

"Now, old chap, tell us about things," I said as I sat down opposite Andy.

"It surely seems good to see the fellows again and to talk over old times. Kennedy went through here the other day. He is traveling for the United Vacuum Cleaner Company, you know, and drops in quite often. Francis certainly was a good old soul and from all appearances he hasn't recovered from it yet."

"After I left Plattsburgh," continued Andy, "I got a job with the Northern Hotel Company. They have recently promoted me to manager. That CARDINAL position helped me a lot in this. Magoon is our cashier but he has gone to the theatre and probably won't be back in time to see you before you leave. Ward has a seat in the bald-headed row now."

"Whatever became of the rest of the bunch? Do you ever hear anything about them?"

"Not much. I did hear that Grace Garrison was running a girls' school in Minnesota. She always was a grind in school and never let a lesson slide. Then there is Stonie who is waitress down at one of the restaurants."

We talked until midnight. Then, as we had to get up at five o'clock, we went up to bed.

The next day we were on our way again. When the conductor came for the tickets, we beheld no other than our old friend Earl Walrath. Of course it was a case of morose conversation. During our talk, he told us that Guy Beaubien was engineer on his train; also that there was someone in the Pullman whom we would probably recognize. We strolled back, and since we found no one whom we knew in the first Pullman, we entered the second. There in the back part we caught sight of two people in close and earnest conversation. As we approached, we beheld to our surprise Cora Vanderburgh and by her side sat a familiar figure whom she introduced as Mr. Henderson.

We talked for some time. At the next station whom should we see board the train but George Gallant and his wife, who had been our West visiting Monnie Strickland.

"You remember Monnie, don't you?" said George. "She is living on a fruit ranch out in California. Her husband, who owned a large place out there, has died and left her a lot of money. Now she is making good in the fruit business. Mary Wheeler is living with her, and 'Al' Angell is managing the business."

"Where are you working?" was my next question.

"Oh, I am junior partner in Goid's shoe store now. Our old classmate, Howard Mooney, is our bookkeeper. He certainly shows the training he received in P. S. N. S."

George talked fluently about the old days, telling us how Alberta Todd had married an officer from the Post and was now living in New York. He also told us that Saunders and Downs were running a farm in Peru, while "Polly" Herling was working in the Cumberland Hotel (she always did like the salesmen).

On the fifteenth of October we arrived in New York and took a taxi to our hotel. I recognized the driver as Lyle Dennicore. He told us that "Joe" Donovan had become head porter at the station and that they were going halves in their business. He also told us that Esther Weiner was working for the American Express Company.

Just then a customer came along and, bidding us a hasty farewell, Lyle was soon on his way again.

After a good meal, we went out to look over the city. We strolled about until we reached the Globe Theater. Behold! Did our eyes deceive us or were we dreaming? Before us at the top of a large poster we saw the following heading: "Mlle. DOROTHY MARS, starting in 'PEPPER.'" We immediately bought two seats in the front row and went in. The curtain rose promptly at 8.15 o'clock and the chorus girls danced on to the stage with "Dor" leading. On one end of the line we recognized Joyce Criswell; then came Mary Clark and Abbie Shea. After the performer, which was splendid, we attempted to see Mademoiselle Mars, but there were so many of her followers about the door that we had no chance at all.

The next morning we resumed our journey, arriving in Plattsburgh at 5.30. The first surprise came when we stepped off the train, not at the dingy little station which we remembered so well, but at the new Union Station which at last had become a reality. As we strolled about, looking over the new building, whom should we see in the ticket office but Ruby Grimbler who gave us a hearty welcome to Plattsburgh. We started out and nearly ran into a young man, strutting around with a pencil behind his ear. Upon inquiry we found out that it was Norman Biagg, who was chief operator.

We called one of the many taxi-cabs and were taken to the Hotel Wirberill. After we had engaged our rooms, we went to get a look at the old town. What changes had taken place! Large twenty-story buildings had replaced many of the smaller ones which we remembered.

In front of one of these buildings was a placard which read as follows: "Catherine

Degenhardt, in High Class Vaudeville." We arrived just in time to see Catherine, who was still playing the part of an "Old Maid." Catherine informed us that Irene Hitz, another of our classmates, was teaching in Morrisville.

From here we wandered to where the Club Restaurant used to be, instead of which there now stood a twelve-story building. We recognized "Frenchie" at once. After entering, we talked of the times when our bunch used to raid the place at noon, usually eating the place dry. We went on our way up Clinton Street. We had not gone far before we were completely lost. We applied to a nearby policeman who turned out to be our former friend, Babe Fainsworth. He directed us to our hotel. Being entirely spent after our long day of traveling, we retired at once.

The next morning at breakfast, we recognized Agnes de St. Guay and Grace Warner among the waitresses. Our breakfast was served by Grace who told us that Sara Masterson, another 1929 graduate, was principal of Port Henry Grammar School. She also told us where we could find several of our old classmates, and as soon as we had finished our meal we set out.

Naturally, the first place we visited was the new Normal School, which had been built in place of the old Normal that burned out last year in school. We were in time for assembly and watched the students with interest as they marched in. How young they looked! It really was surprising to see how small the normal school students were.

But there was another and greater surprise in store for us. When the teachers filed onto the platform we saw many familiar faces. Referring to a small leaflet which gave the names of the teachers and the subject each taught, we found that Mr. Terwilliger had taken Dr. Hawkins' place; Gertrude Coffey had taken Lil Goodrich's place; Rose DeVeto had taken Miss Ketchum's place. The rest of the faculty were unfamiliar to us.

We visited the Library and also found that Anna Mulholland now had charge of the books in Miss O'Brien's place. We then went back downtown. As we were going along Margaret Street, I saw a large sign which read:

PLATTSBURGH BLABBER
GEORGE TAYLOR, EDITOR

We always knew George had great ability as a writer. We did not stop long, however. Next door was another sign:

ROBERT CARPENTEE
VOICE CULTURE
THIRD FLOOR

As I had remembered, Bob used to be somewhat weak on the voice question, but to all appearances he must have improved with age. As we were anxious to ascertain the extent to which he had improved, we went to Bob's office. The office girl met us at the door. Her face was familiar but I couldn't place her until Tommy said: "Well, I declare, if it isn't Rufie Wilson!"

Ruth said that Bob would see us in a few moments, and asked us to be seated. While waiting, I picked up a journal that was lying near me. On the front page I saw a picture which looked familiar. Sure enough, it was Mac Brown who had become famous as a movie actress in Los Angeles.

Suddenly we heard a dreadful noise, and looking out the window we saw a tiny object creeping by.

"What is that?" I inquired of Ruth.

"Oh, that is Helen Baker in her Buick," she answered.

"This must be about her thirtieth anniversary with that piece of mechanism, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Ruth. "She won't sell it even now. She was offered \$50 for it a while ago but refused to sell. She thinks that by hanging on to it a few more years it will become valuable as an antique."

Just then Bob rang his bell, and we were admitted to his private office. He said something which we did not understand, and finally, after deducting that Bob was a Professor in Music and used that professional brogue, we understood that he was inquiring for our health. Replying that we never had felt better, we began to talk over old school days. He told us that Helen Montany was a noted dancing teacher in Poughkeepsie and that Celia Zepf was head bookkeeper in a wholesale house in New York.

When we asked him if there were any more of the old graduates in town, he told us that Hazel Burgess and Ethel Ketchum were conducting hair dressing parlors. After we left Bob, we decided to go and see Hazel and Ethel.

Passing up Clinton Street to where Grace Stevens Cain used to be, we read, instead of the old familiar sign:

BURGESS AND KETCHUM
Hair Dressing

We went in and a very small maid, who was none other than little Christine Hale, took our cards. She said that Hazel was busy putting her "everlasting curl" on a man's hair, while Ethel was applying her "patent fizz" to some aspiring maiden.

As our time was limited, and we wanted to see Luetta Ranx, who was running a tea room on Clinton Street, we could not wait. Finding that Luetta was out also, we sat down for a short rest and a bit to eat.

Looking out the window we noticed a load of apples passing by, and on the front seat sat a very old looking lady.

"Don't you recognize her?" I asked Tommy.

"No," he answered.

"Why, that is Gertie Macsh."

"How old and bent she looks."

Just then the door opened and in walked a little shaver about five years old.

"Is this where Miss Canshnee is?" he asked rather shyly.

"No, this is Miss Ranx's Tea Room. What do you want?"

"Well, Daddy sent me here to take my first music lesson. He said she was here." I thought I saw an unmistakable resemblance to someone I knew so I asked, "Who is Daddy?"

"He is my father," was the reply.

"What is his name?" I questioned.

"Mc. Harold Harwell."

That was enough. I was sure of it. Then, hearing the sound of a piano over our heads, I knew he was on the wrong floor. As Luetta had not returned, I suggested that we move on. Just as I spoke, Tommy handed me a pamphlet that he had been reading, and said, "Read this."

It was a suffrage paper, and stated that the following people had been elected officers of the League: Ruth Siddons, president; Mary DeVasto, vice-president; Albertine Darling, secretary. There were also a number of speeches in it which had been given by Ann Doelman, Marguerite Beever and Harriett Spaulding. I was much surprised to see how many of our friends had joined the suffragettes.

We started down the street, and, as we started to enter the cigar store for a smoke, we met "Polly" Turner.

"Say, do you know the latest talk in Plattsburgh?" she asked. "A new club has just been formed, known as the 'Social Survey Club.' 'Pat' Macheski and Mabel Beever are the organizers. Some of the members are Sara Gnecco, Shirley Goodale, Dorothy Wing, Jane McCarthy and Inez Hamilton."

I was much astonished to hear all this. However, it shows that one never can tell.

"Well, I always said the class would be prosperous," Tommy remarked.

We then purchased our cigars and bidding "Polly" good-bye, went back to the hotel. At 9.57 that night we took the train for the West.

Two months later as we sat by the fireplace, smoking, Tommy heaved a long sigh (his usual means of relaxation). "Well," he remarked, "There is one thing certain—our class was the last live class in P. S. N. S."

And I quite agreed with him.

C. SHEARD PARKER,

Class Ballot

Most Popular	Thomas O'Neill
Class Giant	George Gallant
Class Angel	Bernice Giles
Class Hustler	Leuetta Raux
Class Flirt	Mary Clark
Class Shark	George Taylor
Class Bluff	Albert Angell
Class Artist	Agnes de St. Guay
Class Woman-hater	Norman Bragg
Class Man-hater	Rose DeVeto
Most Democratic	Sarah Hull
Most Loyal	Grace Garrison
Most Obliging	Gertrude Marsh
Most Tactful	Mary DeVasto
Most Talkative	Pauline Turner
Most to be Admired	Grace Warner
Squarest	Albertine Darling
Wittiest	Thomas O'Neill
Best All Round	<div> <div>{</div> <div>Boy</div> <div>Joseph Donovan</div> </div> <div> <div>{</div> <div>Girl</div> <div>Celia Zepf</div> </div>
Best Looking	<div> <div>{</div> <div>Boy</div> <div>Andrew Broadwell</div> </div> <div> <div>{</div> <div>Girl</div> <div>Anna Mulholland</div> </div>
Best Athlete	<div> <div>{</div> <div>Boy</div> <div>Thomas O'Neill</div> </div> <div> <div>{</div> <div>Girl</div> <div>Arlene Chapman</div> </div>
Best Natured	<div> <div>{</div> <div>Boy</div> <div>Ward Magoon</div> </div> <div> <div>{</div> <div>Girl</div> <div>Ruth Wilson</div> </div>
Best Dancer	<div> <div>{</div> <div>Boy</div> <div>George Gallant</div> </div> <div> <div>{</div> <div>Girl</div> <div>Mae Brown</div> </div>
Best Speaker	<div> <div>{</div> <div>Boy</div> <div>Albert Angell</div> </div> <div> <div>{</div> <div>Girl</div> <div>Grace Garrison</div> </div>
Best Dressed	<div> <div>{</div> <div>Boy</div> <div>Andrew Broadwell</div> </div> <div> <div>{</div> <div>Girl</div> <div>Esther Cushner</div> </div>
Class Cut-up	<div> <div>{</div> <div>Boy</div> <div>Robert Farnsworth</div> </div> <div> <div>{</div> <div>Girl</div> <div>Pauline Turner</div> </div>

Class Gift

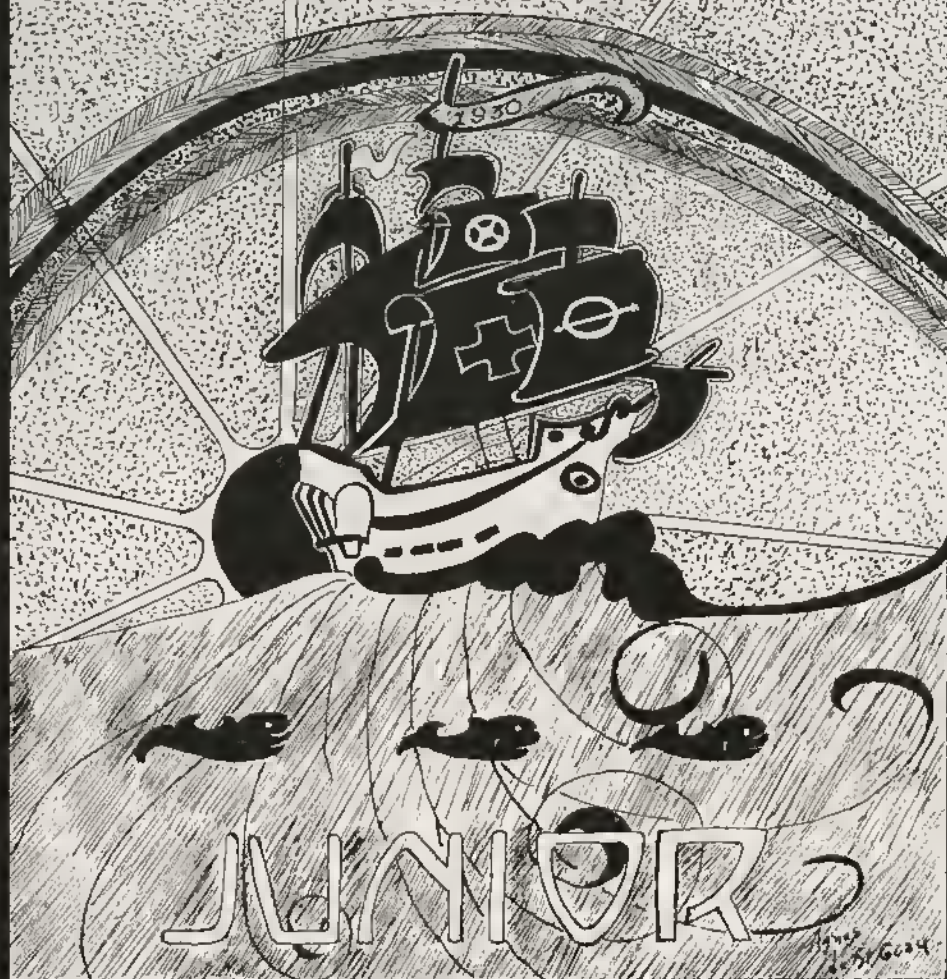
It has been the custom in preceding years for each class at graduation to leave a parting gift to the school as a token of appreciation of the ideals, knowledge and inspiration gained while here. It is regrettable that all these former gifts are gone. Because of the fact that ours will be the first to be placed in the new building, we, the Class of 1929, especially desire that our gift shall be worthy of the new Normal School. We, therefore, take unusual pleasure in presenting this enlarged portrait of Dr. George K. Hawkins, not only for the position it will hold but also because of the very nature of the gift itself. We hope that it will serve as a means of encouragement and inspiration to those who will come in the future as Dr. Hawkins, himself, has to us been an inspiration in the past.

GRACE WARNER.



High on the crest of endeavor
Not knowing which way they will fall
But still they have patience and courage
Or they would not be Juniors at all.

cw



Junior Class Song

Time will soon come
When we have to depart.
Memories will stay,
Thoughts will remain
Ever close to each heart:
They will not stray.
And as they linger on
Enters our hearts this song:

Chorus

Our years of friendships
Are years of gladness.
Our friends and classmates
Have cheered us on.
Oh years of laughter, tho'
Tears come after
We'll regret—won't forget
When they are gone.

W. P.



Junior Class Officers

HERBERT L. DRUM	<i>President</i>
GERALDINE CORDICK	<i>Vice-President</i>
HELEN LIPPHART	<i>Secretary</i>
RICHARD GREFE	<i>Treasurer</i>

Class Motto

"WE LAUNCH, WHERE SHALL WE ANCHOR?"

Class Colors
GREEN AND SILVER

Class Flower
SWEET PEA

A. L. DIEBOLT	<i>Faculty Advisor</i>
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Junior Class History

We, the Class of 1930, with modest pride, make known the leagues we have traveled during our brief two years in the Good Ship—Plattsburgh State Normal School.

The launching ceremony in September of 1927 started this new phase of our Educational Voyage. We elected for ship's officers: Martin Rooney, captain; Gladys Douglas, mate; Mary Wheeler, keeper of the log; Don Roberts, purser; and Mr. L. R. Street, admiral. Green and silver were designated as colors for our flag; the sweet pea for our flower; and these words for our motto. "We launch, where shall we anchor?"

In the weeks which followed, we became better friends with the upper-classmen through the media of their welcome dance to us, the various social affairs of rush season, and daily contacts on the decks.

Late in October we tried to show these students of superior learning that we appreciated their kindness to us by giving them a Hallowe'en dance.

Then we turned our thoughts to the long-anticipated mid-year dance. An able group of workers made the affair a welcome relaxation after the mid-year examinations, as well as a lasting memory. This is the anniversary of the first appearance of our ship's flag.

The new semester passed uneventfully but not without successes in some of the smaller ports of achievement.

In June we bade a reluctant farewell to the Seniors, who of necessity left our vessel for the ship "Experience." Then we realized that one lap of our journey was over.

It was with joy and expectancy that we greeted our friends on the eleventh of September, 1928, after a brief sojourn in the harbor, Vacation. This reunion made real the fact that we were Juniors—midshipmen at last.

After the usual preliminaries, we organized ourselves once more for a new year of work. Our new officers were: Don Roberts, captain; Geraldine Cordick, mate; Helen Lipphart, keeper of the log; Richard Grefe, purser; and Mr. A. L. Diebolt, admiral. Later in the year Captain Roberts resigned and Herbert Drum took over his duties.

Following an old custom the Seniors and Juniors joined forces to welcome the Freshmen. Our first social affair was a dance in the gym.

With the guidance of our first officers, the Faculty, we sailed into mid-year examinations with fervent hopes that the storm would not wreck us. Roll-call after the gale revealed that very few were lost.

Our voyage continued from January to June with very calm seas. June brought the second furlough of our experience. To celebrate this we held our final dance on the shores of Plattsburgh and called it the "Junior Prom."

The disaster which befell our ship and Alma Mater on January 26, 1929, temporarily cast gloom and speculation over us, but has more closely united us in the spirit of cooperation. There are unlimited memories held dear by many in connection with this craft. These have made us more than ever determined to guide our new vessel in the right course so that we, the Class of '30, may be captains in our chosen profession.

KEEPER OF THE LOG.

The Acts of the Juniors

Chapter I

1. *Auken. He is also called the doctor.* 4. *The tribe of Phthyrty sendeth a messenger unto the tribes of Touenteenine and Phthyrty Ouen and declareth war against them.*

Now it came to pass in the days of Aaken who is also called the doctor, that there dwelt in the land of Pe-ess En-ess three tribes.

2. And the name of one was Touenteenine, the second Phthyrty, and the last Phthyrty Ouen, the which, being interpreted, signifieth Phresci.

3. And there was war between them, and the war was in this wise.

4. There went forth a man out of the tribe of Phthyrty having a roll in his hand.

5. And the roll was written within and without.

6. And behold, he went forth and came unto the men of Touenteenine and the men of Phthyrty Ouen, even unto the midst of them.

7. And he opened his mouth and spake unto them saying:

8. Tell me now, I pray thee, which be the chief among ye, for I have somewhat to say unto him.

9. And they answered and said: Behold we be all chief men.

10. For their heads were swollen exceeding large.

11. Wherefore he gave unto them the scroll and went his way from the midst of them.

12. But they looked therein and saw, and beheld it was written therein, saying:

13. The men of Phthyrty be

mightier than ye, yea, insomuch that one of them be more erudite than all of ye.

14. Selah!

15. Moreover ye be Seenors and Phrescis and of none account.

16. Now, therefore, come ye forth, ye and all ye mighty men of valor, and we will swallow you up quickly.

17. And the names of Touenteenine and of Phthyrty Ouen shall cease from the land of Pe-ess En-ess.

18. And when they of Touenteenine and they of Phthyrty Ouen beheld this thing they waxed wroth out of measure.

19. And they rent their garments and spake one to another saying:

20. Who be these Phthyrtyes that they should write unto us in this wise?

21. Or who hath made them lords over us? Behold, they be of no significance.

22. Come, therefore, and let us associate ourselves together, and let us go forth to meet them.

23. And let us show them that we be wiser, even unto wisdom itself.

24. And let us diligently train ourselves that peradventure, we may prevail against them.

25. And there went forth a great host, men of Touenteenine and men of Phthyrty Ouen, mighty men of valor.

Chapter II

1. *The men of Touenteenine. The men of Phthyrti Ouen. They go forth unto battle with the men of Phthyrti. The men of Phthyrti prevail.*

And the men of Phthyrti did in like manner.

2. And about the eighth hour the army of the Touenteenine and the army of Phthyrti Ouen came upon the army of Phthyrti in a certain field which is called the Stood Ahol and there they matched their wits.

3. And they set in order their array the one over against the other.

4. And they fought, the one with the other and neither prevailed.

5. And they rested a certain space.

6. And the men of Touenteenine and the men of Phthyrti Ouen cried out with an exceeding strange cry, that all they which heard marvelled among themselves saying:

7. What manner of men be these?

8. And again they came together

on the first and on the second and on the third day of the xhams and they fought even unto the going down of the sun.

9. And their sweat ran down.

10. And behold the men of Phthyrti prevailed over the men of Touenteenine and the men of Phthyrti Ouen.

11. And pursued them a great way even unto the Aze and Beez.

12. And they said, yield now or behold ye be all dead men.

13. Moreover, we be Tchampyuns.

14. And the men of Phthyrti Ouen and the men of Touenteenine feared greatly and their knees smote together.

15. And they yielded themselves up, every man unto the Phthyrties.

Chapter III

1. *The tribe of Phthyrti. A chosen tribe. 3. The maids of the tribe of Phthyrti. They are nicer than the maids of the tribes of Touenteenine and of Phthyrti Ouen.*

And now there dwelleth in the land of Pe-ess En-ess, even unto this day, a chosen tribe, called the tribe of Phthyrti.

2. And the men and the maids of the tribe of Phthyrti reigneth over the men and the maids of the tribes of Touenteenine and Phthyrti Ouen.

3. For the maids of the tribe of Phthyrti are nicer than the maids of the tribes of Touenteenine and Phthyrti Ouen.

4. And the men and the maids of the tribe of Phthyrti rejoiceth with an exceeding great joy.

5. For the men and the maids of the tribes of Touenteenine and Phthyrti Ouen singeth unto the heavens:

6. All hail, all hail to the men and the maids of the tribe of Phthyrti for in them we have found a master.

MILLET.



Farewell Seniors

First, we must tell you how much we have enjoyed our association with you during the past two years. Our worries as to how the older students at Plattsburgh State Normal School would treat us were needless. You have been kindness itself. Although it is quite probable that you have enjoyed many a laugh at our ludicrous blunders, you have always taken precious time to set our feet back on the right path. Even though the method used may have been a trifle sarcastic, the thought behind it was kind.

It will be our privilege to take your place next year. We hereby solemnly promise to do our best to be worthy of you. It will be our earnest endeavor to bring only fame to Plattsburgh Normal School and never to shame you—our teachers. We will strive to live up to all the traditions and rules of deportment which you have devised for our benefit. It is our task to prove worthy of you and with that in mind we cannot fail.

We are sorry that "an act of God" has made it impossible for you to spend your last few months of school in, and to be graduated from, the dear old Normal building. The speed and ease with which you adjusted yourself to the extraordinary conditions that have since existed have only increased our pride in you and have served as an excellent example to the Freshmen.

As you leave the Plattsburgh State Normal School to enter fields of wider scope, the best wishes of the Class of 1930 go with you. We are proud of you. Many warm friendships have resulted from our association. Success is sure to follow in your footsteps. It is the hope of the Class of 1930 that the success you achieve will not cause you to forget us and the pleasant days at Plattsburgh State Normal School.

G. A. BARBER.

The Class of 1931

We have been pleased to welcome a Freshman class to Plattsburgh State Normal School. One of our duties as Juniors is to train the young in the straight and narrow path that leads to graduation. While it has worked a hardship on us to be placed on a pedestal as an example for you, it is good training for our future work as teachers. That is one good reason for the existence of Freshmen.

We are glad to have you with us. We hope seriously that you will always feel as kindly toward us as we feel toward this year's graduating class. Because a bit of discipline is good for the soul, all that you have learned this year, you will gladly pass on to the class which enters next September.

Continue in the path we have prepared for you that the way may be smooth and clear. Remember that in 1930, when we leave, we will turn over to you the honor of protecting the fair name of Plattsburgh State Normal School. Do not let us be disappointed in you. Prepare now for the honor that is to be yours next year.

G. A. BARBER.



JUNIOR CO-ED



The SWEETHEART of
P.S.N.S.



Any Day for Juniors in P. S. N. S.

Scene I

Roy Blackmer enters, crying frantically for Don Roberts. Mr. Diebolt enters classroom, and immediately "planks" himself on top of the desk. Class is called to order, whereupon Anne Worthington makes one of her terrific sneezes, knocking Helen Lucy out of her place. Enters Geraldine Sennett, late as usual, bossing Jean Slowey as she enters.

Scene II

Francis J. Trunt, antagonized by Adeline Urban, notifies the class that it is "all wet," and things fly fast and furious. Mr. Todd informs the Juniors of the simplicity of Pitman and Math., whereupon four out of five pass out. Sophia VanBenschoten tries in vain to make the teachers understand her name, so it won't sound like a soda fountain blowing off.

Scene III

Miss Ketchum demands an excuse card from Lenaghen, but the card has so many holes in it that it no longer "is." Mr. Terwilliger reminds the English class of its stupidity. Irene Roberts interrupts with "But can't you?" whereupon she is tabooed for the 98th time.

Scene IV

Roll is called by numbering; Helen Rooney again forgets to number and is marked absent for a week.

Scene V

Temperature rises to 105 in the shade, but the "gals" with the fur coats refuse to part with them. They want to show 'em off. Martin Rooney convinces the teachers that his name is not Martha.

Scene VI

John Owens interrupts the class by flirting with the girls. Helen Lipphart winks at the fellows, while Webster makes a clicking noise. "Be" Lawrence entertains the class with a talk on telephones.

Scene VII

Mr. Thompson announces more holidays. Hurrah for the City Hall!

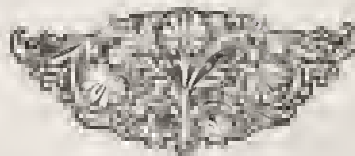
B. VANDEWATER.

Eighty-six

Commercial Juniors

Aberle, Rita L.	Rochester, N. Y.
Adams, Dorothy	Whitehall, N. Y.
Babcock, Ada N.	Norwood, N. Y.
Babcock, Encie M.	Sag Harbor, L. I.
Baker, Edwin M.	Harkness, N. Y.
Barber, Gladys A.	Keeseville, N. Y.
Becker, Raymond G.	Ilion, N. Y.
Bertrand, Margaret R.	Canton, N. Y.
Betters, Winifred G.	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
Blackmer, Roy M.	Frewsburg, N. Y.
Brennan, Russell J.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Brown, Marjorie	Chazy, N. Y.
Burke, Margaret A.	Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Burrell, Violet	Rochester, N. Y.
Canavan, Isabella	Fort Edward, N. Y.
Clark, Shepard S.	Beaver Dams, N. Y.
Clark, Vivian Maud	Whitehall, N. Y.
Collins, E. Clement	Redford, N. Y.
Columbe, Cathrynia M.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Conklin, Gladys M.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Cronin, Elizabeth	Elmira, N. Y.
Cunningham, Eleanor	Delhi, N. Y.
Dalton, Louise V.	Waterford, N. Y.
Damanda, Ferdinand V.	Utica, N. Y.
Delesio, Tinella M.	Clyde, N. Y.
Dennison, Samuel	Mohawk, N. Y.
Donnelly, Mary A.	Troy, N. Y.
Downs, Donald	Peru, N. Y.
Drumm, Herbert	Niverville, N. Y.
Dupras, John	Clayburg, N. Y.
Edwardson, Astrid E.	Jamestown, N. Y.
Falcon, Oriena H.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Fenton, Ruth I.	Chittenango, N. Y.
Finnegan, Maurice	Bloomington, N. Y.
Fischette, Rose M.	Clyde, N. Y.
Ford, Richard F.	Smyrna, N. Y.
Fuller, Genevieve V.	Keeseville, N. Y.
Gokey, Beatrice E.	Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Grefe, Richard W.	Buffalo, N. Y.
Gregory, Doris L.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Heath, Lillian	Johnson City, N. Y.
Heckert, A. Mae	Sangerfield, N. Y.
Hoose, Irene	Gloversville, N. Y.
Hubbs, Evelyn J.	Huntington, L. I.
Hughes, Nellie	Ilion, N. Y.
Kearns, Edna J.	Fonda, N. Y.
La Fontaine, Raphael C.	Dannemora, N. Y.

Lasher, Harriet G.	Gloversville, N. Y.
Lawrence, Beulah	Liberty, N. Y.
Lenaghen, Harold	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Light, Raymond	Morrisonville, N. Y.
Lipphart, Helen E.	Utica, N. Y.
Lowry, Alice	Johnson City, N. Y.
Lucy, Helen C.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
McClintock, Elizabeth	North Tarrytown, N. Y.
Marino, Archie A.	Smyrna, N. Y.
Miller, Elizabeth	Southampton, N. Y.
Millet, Alfred	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Moran, Catherine L.	Corning, N. Y.
Mueller, Junigunde M.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Murphy, Helen M.	Granville, N. Y.
Nesbitt, Helen	North Hoosick, N. Y.
Nolan, Mary	Utica, N. Y.
Norcross, Annis	Cadyville, N. Y.
O'Connell, Mary	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
O'Connor, Helen	Rome, N. Y.
Owens, John	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Pender, Frank W.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Purdy, Winifred	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Roberts, Don W.	Rochester, N. Y.
Roberts, Irene E.	New York City
Rooney, Martin	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Roscoe, Katherine L.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Ryan, Harold	Keeseville, N. Y.
Saunders, Curtis	Peru, N. Y.
Sellstrom, Helen M.	Jamestown, N. Y.
Sicska, Andrew	Lodi, N. J.
Sleight, Helen	Sag Harbor, N. Y.
Slowey, Genevieve	Sag Harbor, N. Y.
Trombley, Joseph A.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Trunt, Francis J.	Garfield, N. J.
Urban, Adeline M.	Liberty, N. Y.
VanBenschoten, Sophia S.	Margaretville, N. Y.
Vandewater, Bernard J.	Palmyra, N. Y.
Webster, Harry	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Whitman, Mildred A.	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
Wilcox, Mildred	Jamestown, N. Y.
Wilkes, Donald E.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Worthington, Anna	East Hampton, N. Y.
Zingisser, Florence	Mamaroneck, N. Y.



Elementary Juniors

Adams, Patricia L.	Keene Valley, N. Y.
Allen, Everest T.	Penn, N. Y.
Arthur, Pearl	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Austin, Nina (Mrs.)	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Bishop, Julia M.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Bradley, Elizabeth	North Hoosick, N. Y.
Brennan, M. Tracy	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Brown, Mary E.	Keeseville, N. Y.
Carpenter, Frances C.	Ellenburg Center, N. Y.
Carr, M. Estella	Schaghticoke, N. Y.
Connell, Bernadette	Keeseville, N. Y.
Connery, Agnes	Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Cordick, Geraldine	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Couture, Vera E.	Rouses Point, N. Y.
Decker, Ruth I.	Westport, N. Y.
Dennis, Edna	Troy, N. Y.
Dropper, Florence	Galway, N. Y.
Dupras, Genevieve	Clayburg, N. Y.
DuRoss, Dorothea E.	Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
Gallagan, Mary	North Tarrytown, N. Y.
Gergely, Mary H.	Port Henry, N. Y.
Hall, Pauline H.	Long Lake, N. Y.
Hart, Eleanor	Lyon Mountain, N. Y.
Hoyt, Viola	Ticonderoga, N. Y.
Huggines, Ruth E.	Ellenburg, N. Y.
Kelley, Mary E.	Mineville, N. Y.
Kenniston, Lydia E.	Faust, N. Y.
Lundberg, Irene	Schaghticoke, N. Y.
Lynch, Marion	Fort Ann, N. Y.
McAloon, James	Keeseville, N. Y.
McGhan, Catherine	Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
McMartin, Harriet E.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Mason, Cathryn	Willsboro, N. Y.
Mulvey, Frances C.	Ticonderoga, N. Y.
Nall, Gladys M.	Port Henry, N. Y.
North, Lucy	Chazy, N. Y.
Nye, Rita M.	Upper Jay, N. Y.
Nye, Rose M.	Upper Jay, N. Y.
Racette, Maud	Redford, N. Y.
Reid, Consuela	Dannemora, N. Y.
Riendeau, Bertha	Newman, N. Y.
Robinson, M. Anna	Champlain, N. Y.
Roosa, Edna	Chazy, N. Y.
Rowe, Sarah	Chazy, N. Y.
Signor, Constance	Harkness, N. Y.
Spellman, Marguerite	Elizabethtown, N. Y.
Stearns, Helen M.	Rouses Point, N. Y.

Stone, Isabel	Rouses Point, N. Y.
Storrs, Genevieve	Wilmington, N. Y.
Strack, Marion	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Sullivan, Agnes	Glens Falls, N. Y.
Thiesen, Geraldine L.	Port Henry, N. Y.
Torrance, Helen M.	Upper Jay, N. Y.
Werner, Helen	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Whitney, Hilda	Plattsburgh, N. Y.

The Junior's Prayer

It is my joy in life, to find
 At every turning of the road,
 The strong arm of a comrade friend
 To help me onward with my load;
 And since I have no gold to give
 And love alone can make amends,
 My only prayer is, while I live,
God make me worthy of my friends.

J. M.

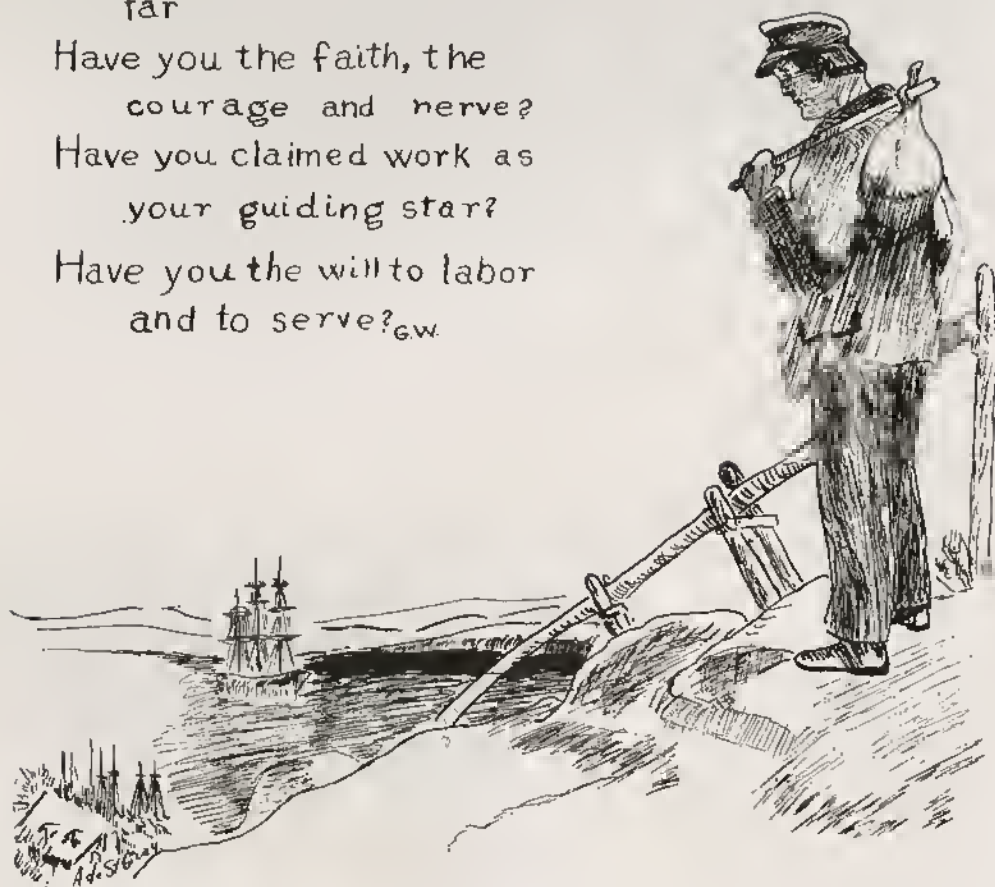
FRESHMEN

Ahoy there, before you voyage
far

Have you the faith, the
courage and nerve?

Have you claimed work as
your guiding star?

Have you the will to labor
and to serve? GW.



*Mind is the Master power that moulds and makes,
And Man is Mind, and evermore he takes
The tool of Thought, and shaping what he wills,
Brings forth a thousand joys, a thousand ills:—
He thinks in secret, and it comes to pass:
Environment is but his looking-glass.*

—JAMES ALLEN.



Freshman Class Officers

LAWRENCE THORNTON	<i>President</i>
EVELYN SAVAGE	<i>Vice-President</i>
HELEN ROONEY	<i>Secretary</i>
WILBUR EDMONDS	<i>Treasurer</i>
JOHN H. RUSTERHOLTZ	<i>Class Advisor</i>

Class Motto

ἄνευ γνώσεως οὐ μετὰ χρόνῳ λέγειν

"SPEAK NOT WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE"

Class Colors

BLUE AND SILVER

Class Flower

YELLOW ROSE

Class Song

Tune—The Bells of St. Mary's

A band of earnest students
Within P. S. N. S.
A loyal class, a true class,
The class of '31.
And so P. S. N. S.
Thy name we will e'er bless
And strive to hold your honor high
In work or fun.

True friendships we're forming
Beneath your fair guidance
To help us, to lead us,
Until our victory's won.
And so Alma Mater
With greatest of reverence
We dedicate ourselves to thee
The Class of '31.

VIRGINIA WHITING.



The Mid-year Dance

On the night of February 1 the annual Mid-Year dance was given by the Freshman Class at the Hotel Witherill with nearly two hundred couples in attendance.

This event, which is always looked forward to with much pleasureable anticipation, was indeed one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season. It reflects much credit upon the committee in charge, both in their selection of the orchestra, Keefe's Imperial Orchestra of Plattsburgh, and the other faultless arrangements for the evening.

Members of the faculty and their wives were patrons and patronesses of the dance.

The committee was as follows: Mae Bonesteel, chairman; Irene Bruno, Helene Brown, M. Adelle Frazer, Margaret Cathcart; Corinne Bahringer, Marian Gleason, Mabel Horstman, Francis Coste and Amos Mousaw.

ROBERT WHITLOCK.

History of the Class of 19---

In the year 1928 Plattsburgh Normal welcomed into its realm a group of eager Freshmen.

The first few days were spent in effecting a temporary organization. It was not long before it was discovered that these students possessed unusual abilities, lofty ideals and extraordinary intelligence.

About two weeks later the class was assembled for the purpose of electing officers and a faculty advisor.

They chose wisely in selecting as advisor, Mr. John Rusterholtz who has nobly and untiringly given his help in all our undertakings. The choice of officers was as follows:

President Lawrence Thornton; vice-president, Evelyn Savage; secretary, Helen Rooney; treasurer, Wilbur Edmonds; and Dwight Warren as CARDINAL representative.

Late in September, to express our appreciation of the reception tendered us by the upperclassmen, we endeavored to entertain them at a dance in the school gym. Our efforts in our first social enterprise were highly praised by our guests.

Before the semester was well under way, we were represented in athletics, with one of our members winning a silver loving cup. Liewise into glee clubs, sororities and fraternities we entered, earning our share of the honors both for the school and for ourselves.

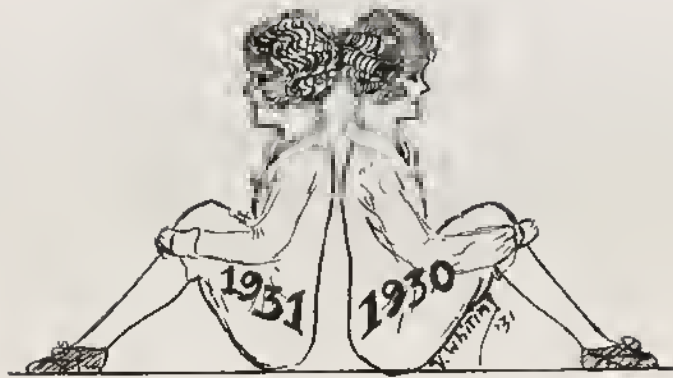
On December 14, which had been set aside as Freshman Day, we entertained the faculty and upperclassmen at a dance in the school gym after school.

After our Christmas vacation we returned, eagerly awaiting yet dreading mid-year exams. At last they were over and an able committee began making plans for the annual mid-year dance.

Due to the destruction of our beloved Alma Mater, our funds were hopelessly destroyed, but thanks to the kind hospitality of the Hotel Witherill and Keefe's Orchestra, we were able to put on a dance so unique that it will remain long in the memory of those who attended.

During the second term of the school year we resignedly settled down in our new headquarters at the City Hall. Under able guidance we sailed calmly on to June and to the sadness of parting with those dear Seniors who were starting out on their life work.

HELEN ROONEY.



Our Juniors

When we first entered Normal we looked upon the Seniors with awe and reverence as well as with a feeling that we could never equal them. We were more willing to consider the Juniors as examples because they seemed to be of nearer kin than the Seniors—not so far removed from their Freshmanhood.

It was not long, however, before we decided we did not care to pattern ourselves after them for various reasons. One of them is the mid-year dance they gave—if what we have heard about it is true. We won't repeat it. Then, too, we have heard so much about their fine class spirit, but did they show it at their class meetings? Did you ever hear what wonderful things the class was going to do—something that had never been accomplished before? Well, we must give them credit for that, for they did manage to break the camera when their picture was about to be taken for the CARDINAL.

However, they have done some worthwhile things, which make us think that when all is said and done, their hearts are in the right place. Anyway, they make fine pals.

We hope that the friendships we have made with them will last through eternity.

CORINNE BAHRINGER.

Our Seniors



First days at Plattsburgh Normal were drear days for us. We clung together in our timidity, gazing wistfully at those superior members of the school, the Seniors, who joyfully greeted each other. They had already made a place for themselves, socially and scholastically. (To be sure—they kept us in our place too!)

Their air of accomplishment and self-satisfaction filled us with awe and wonderment. We set them on pedestals to gaze at from afar. Nevertheless, after a careful study of psychology, we made a great discovery which brought them down from those heights with a crash. They were all victims of that menace to society, Superiority Complex. We could blame them no longer for rather were they to be pitied.

We hope we have achieved our ideal: to establish a record for ourselves that would make them realize our importance and think less of their own. Nevertheless, Seniors, we admit that we have valued your timely advice and we treasure the friendships made among you. We congratulate you now at the close of your normal school career upon the success you have achieved and wish you all success and happiness in whatever you may undertake in the future.

ANNETTE WATSON.

Modern Learning

Said a Freshie to a Senior as they met the other day,
"I hear that now you're learning in a truly modern way."

"You're right, Friend," said the Senior, "we surely do that now.
The way we learn is quite advanced and I'll just tell you how.

"First thing in the morning, we have a class in 'Noyes.'
And then a little 'Carrolling' which every one enjoys.

"Another thing you'll have to learn is all about a 'Street.'
You'll think you'll never 'Ketchum' when the teachers won't repeat.

"If you say, Oh! Have a 'Hartman,' they'll surely mark you down
And if you should object again they'll say, 'You're done up 'Brown.'

"If you don't want Mr. 'Terwilliger' to 'Chase' you 'round the school,
You'd better do your work each day and mind each little rule.

"If all these 'Goodrichs' sink in you'll know all in creation
If you'll just learn the 'Hull' of this, you'll have an education."

Non: "Say, did you hear about the Junior picture?"

Sense: "No, what? They say every picture tells a story."

Non: "This one didn't for the camera got one look and broke."

George Gallant (boastfully): "I've had this car for years and never had a wreck."

Helen M. (truthfully): "You mean you've had this wreck for years and never had a car."

Ticket Seller at Strand to Little Joe Donovan: "You can't come in here, son, you're a minor."

Little Joe Donovan: "Shucks, lady, I'm a student."

Mr. Hartman: "Mr. LaFountaine, who was the greatest trap shooter of all ages?"

Tate LaFountaine: "Hamlet's uncle, for he did murder most foul."



Freshman Register

Com., Commercial—El., Elementary

Amsterdam
Marion Slezak, Com.

Antwerp
Raymond Brown, Com.
Bradford Sterling, Com.

Ausable Forks
Katherine Allen, Com.

Batavia
Margaret Trautenberg, Com.

Bath
Dwight Warren, Com.

Bay Shore
May Tecklenburg, Com.

Bloomington
Edith Arnold, El.
Mary Kelley, El.
Helen Plumley, El.

Brooklyn
Dorothea Salomon, Com.

Buffalo
Marian Adelle Frazer, Com.
Florence Gleason, Com.

Canton
Ethel Ilean Cota, Com.
Muriel Thompson, Com.

Champlain
Hazel Wright, Com.

Chazy
Mildred Broderick, El.
Katherine Brown, El.

Clayton
Louise Belanger, Com.

Clinton
Kathryn Dawes, Com.

Clymer
Bertis VanderSchaaff, Com.

Corning
Eva Gamble, Com.

Dannemora
Marion Everleth, El.
Francis Fayette, El.
Avedia Reid, El.

Eastport, L. I.
Dorothy Scharff, Com.

East Williamson
Irene Bruno, Com.

Ellenburg
Bertha Sharrow, El.

Ellenburg Center
Beatrice Patnode, El.

Freeport
Mabel Horstman, Com.

Gabriels
Claire Downs, El.

Glens Falls
Helene Brown, Com.

Gloversville
Marie Kinney, Com.

Granville
Anne LeVarn, Com.
Frances Roche, Com.

Hoosick Falls
Nina Roys, El.

Ilion
Annette Watson, Com.

Jamestown
Frances Bratt, Com.
Elizabeth Jones, Com.
Jeanette Sprague, Com.
Virginia Whiting, Com.

Johnson City
Helen Winkler, Com.

Keene Valley
Wilbur Edmonds, Com.

Lake George
Elizabeth Thomson, Com.

Liberty
Ruth Armstrong, Com.

Lindenburs, L. I.
May Lifschitz, Com.

Lyon Mountain
Magdalena Mykalosky, El.

Massena
Cecelia Chaszar, Com.

Mechanicville
Agnes Dugan, El.
Elizabeth Lee, El.

Merrill
John Gadway, Com.

Mooers Forks
Alice Weldon, El.

Morrisonville
Edith Light, Com.
Julia Soulia, Com.
Margaret Wever, El.
Claude Wood, Com.

Newburg
Margaret Cathcart, Com.

North Tonawanda
Lewis Smith, Com.
Joseph Teti, Com.

Ogdensburg
Elizabeth Anderson, Com.

Oswego
Bruce Dean, Com.

Owego
Henrietta Bailey, El.

Peasleeville
Muriel LaMay, El.

Peekskill
Dorothy Civiletti, Com.

Peru
Natalie Souila, Com.

Plattsburgh
Glen Austen, Com.
Rebecca Baker, El.
Marie Brelia, Com.
Helen Bromley, El.
Loryne Connick, Com.
Lester Coopy, Com.
Francis Coste, Com.
Charles Funnell, Com.
Florence Gonyea, El.
Eric Hansen, El.
Victor Kelley, Com.
Emily Myette, Com.
Dorothy Myles, El.
Mary Niles, Com.
Catherine Parnaby, Com.
Helen Rooney, Com.
Evelyn Savage, El.
Claire Senecal, Com.
Lawrence Thornton, Com.
Joseph Tierney, Com.
Pauline Trombly, El.
Viola Wells, El.
Minnie Wright, El.

Port Henry
John Collins, Com.

Port Washington
Margaret Dunn, Com.

Poughkeepsie
Madeleine Pickenpack, Com.
Marie VanAken, Com.

Red Creek
Marguerite Hawley, Com.

Rochester
Corinne Bahringer, Com.
Doris Wooden, Com.

Rome
Everett Thomas, Com.

St. Johnsville
Carolyn Clarke, Com.
Eleanora Haak, Com.
Elsie Jacobucci, Com.
Marion Lull, Com.
Catherine Robinson, Com.
Geraldine Rockefeller, Com.

Saranac
Mary Ryan, Com.

Saranac Lake
Irene McKillip, Com.
Blanche Whitman, Com.

Sciota
Amos Mousaw, El.
Ralph Pombrio, El.

Smyrna
Robert Lasher, Com.

Sodus
Florence Wilson, Com.

Speonk
Irma Roth, Com.

Ticonderoga
Viola Hoyt, Com.

Troy
Mae Bonesteel, Com.
Robert Whitlock, El.

Utica
Marie Stiefvater, Com.

West Chazy
Shirley Duquette, El.
Genevieve Harvey, El.
Mary Harvey, El.
Ethel Relation, Com.

Willsboro
Catherine Currier, El.

Wilson
Maxine Fitch, Com.

Yonkers
Margaret Devany, Com.

Montpelier, Vt.
Bernice Hale, Com.

F is for friendliness, our outstanding trait,
R is for radiance for our brilliance innate,
E is for eclipse—for we outshine our betters,
S for our slogan—"The busy Go-Getters."
H is for halo which all of us wear,
M is for our mentality so shining and rare,
E is for earn—What? Why! Success!
N is for none-such—The Freshmen—The Best
Now spell all together—see what you get,
The Freshmen of Normal—The Best Ever Yet!



Activities

Commencement

It is the day for which we've
hoped and toiled

Our motto, "To be rather than
to seem to be."

And on this day our Captain
calls us forth.

And pins on each the
badge of victory G.W.



Program

CLASS OF 1929

Friday—June Seventh

9.00 p.m. Junior Promenade

Wednesday—June Twelfth

8.00 a.m. Examinations Begin

Friday—June Fourteenth

4.00 p.m. Examinations End

9.00 p.m. Senior Dance

Sunday—June Sixteenth

8.00 p.m. Baccalaureate Address

Monday—June Seventeenth

2.30 p.m. Class Day Exercises

7.00 p.m. Alumni Banquet

Tuesday—June Eighteenth

10.00 a.m. Graduation Exercises

Dr. Ned H. Dearborn, Speaker

Class Song

Tune—*Mighty Lak a Rose*

Today we're leaving Normal,
To travel on life's way,
The three years we've spent here
Mean far more than we can say.
We'll not forget our lessons,
Nor friendships that we gained,
Thy inspiring influence
Will lead us on to fame.
While we're yet together
Within this Senior Class:
Memories of this dear place
Will help to make us glad.
Loyal be our classmates
Wherever they may be;
To the standard that we raised,
"To be not seem to be."
To our Alma Mater
And our friends so true,
This year's jolly Senior Class
Grieves to bid adieu.

LILLIAN STONE.

Senior Class History

' (The Tale of a Mouse)

Minnie Mouse lived with her father and mother in the large waste basket in the corner of the girls' study hall. That is, she did until the great fire. Since then she has—but I'm going to let her tell her own story.

"Yes," says Minnie, "although I am small I have sharp eyes which haven't missed much during the last three years. During the first few weeks of my life, which were very quiet, I wandered about freely, until suddenly one morning there was a great noise and confusion, the trampling of many feet and sound of many voices. Terrified, I rushed to the safety of the waste basket and my mother. She, however, told me that it was September 7, 1926, the opening day of school, and that henceforth I must be very careful when I ventured out into the halls. However, like most young things in this day and age I disobeyed my mother and scurried into the hall. Lo! there was a group of strange people who seemed as strangers in a strange land. They seemed more frightened than I.

"A few days later from my refuge in a lady's rubber I saw these same people organize their class and choose their officers. They did this with great care and I heard them choose the following members:

"President, George Gilley; vice-president, Mae Brown; treasurer, Thomas O'Neill; secretary, Anna Mulholland; CARDINAL representative, Sheard Parker. Mr. Terwilliger was chosen class advisor.

"A Hallowe'en party was given in the Gymnasium by this Freshman class in return for a reception given them by the Juniors and Seniors. While hearing them plan for the great event I determined to be there for they were discussing refreshments. However, on account of the nine-thirty rules I had to leave early. Mother says no girl of my age would dare stay later than 9.30 p.m. However, she relented at the next great event in the Gymnasium, which proved to be the mid-year ball, given also by my friends, the Freshmen. Soon after this event, the class held a meeting at which the resignation of its president was read and a new one chosen, who happened to be Albert Angell.

"June came and so much bustle and excitement I hardly dared leave my basket. Mother said that now we could have the quiet summer to ourselves and so we did. However, I was glad when September brought back the old crowd once again. The Seniors gone, many new faces were present, yet my old friends, now known as Juniors were there as ambitious and determined as ever. These Juniors soon organized their class and chose their officers as follows:

"President, Thomas O'Neill; vice-president, Sarah Hull; treasurer, Robert Carpenter; secretary, Anna Mulholland; CARDINAL representative, Sheard Parker. Mr. Terwilliger was chosen again as faculty critic and advisor.

"An informal dance was soon given by the Juniors and Seniors to the new Freshman class. Many members were taken into the glee clubs, orchestra and football and basketball squads.

"In June came the Junior Prom, which meant that the second year was over. Again I was free to scamper wildly about the halls. Nevertheless, I missed my friends who were striving so earnestly and faithfully toward their

chosen goal holding their motto ever before them, 'To be rather than to seem to be.'

"In the fall of 1928 my old friends were back once more. I wondered why they appeared so serious and dignified until I suddenly remembered that they were now Seniors.

"The class officers for this last year were as follows:

"Faculty advisor, Mr. Terwilliger; president, Thomas O'Neill; vice-president, Sarah Hull; treasurer, Joseph Donovan; secretary, Anna Mulholland.

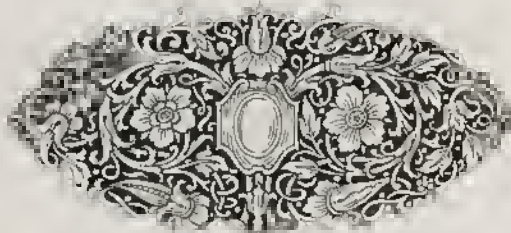
"As usual the Senior and Junior classes tendered the Freshman class a welcoming party.

"This last year went so swiftly that before I realized it I heard the students talking of mid-year exams. Now about this time someone was unkind enough to bring a cat to school. Of course you know that Clara Cat and I never could get along so I decided to take a vacation. It was well that I did. The very next day, which was Saturday, January 26, the Normal School, my waste basket and all, were destroyed by fire.

"There I was in a boarding house across the Pond but it wasn't home and I knew not what to do. Finally, from my refuge under the radiator in the dining room, I heard someone say that school would open January 30 in the City Hall. As I didn't know what nor where the City Hall was, I crawled into one of the girl's coat pockets and rode shivering and shaking down to the new building. I was thankful that girl didn't put her hand in her pocket. I soon found that this place had not been built to accommodate my family. Because there were no holes or convenient cupboards I was hard pressed to find a hiding place which would still allow me to get around and hear what was going on.

"In spite of the inconvenience and great loss, the Senior class carried on, with June finding them still following their motto, 'To be rather than to seem to be.' I managed to follow them all through their commencement activities, getting here and there in a dress pocket or jumping into one of the boys' brief cases. As I cannot follow my class next year, I will stay and endeavor to guide the Juniors through their Senior year with the patience, perseverance and stick-to-it-iveness which I have learned from the class of '29."

GRACE WARNER.



Class Will

WE, who are about to leave Friends, Romans, Countrymen, Juniors, Freshmen, et cetera, feel that we are so plentifully endowed with intelligence, common sense, personality, pep and vitality, that we can well afford to graciously bestow gifts upon our less fortunate sisters and brothers—the Juniors.

TO THE CLASS OF '30 we leave our good standing with the members of the faculty. It must be disheartening to be referred to as "The worst class that ever entered Normal."

To Rita Aberle—A first-class Taylor so that her clothes may still be well pressed.

To Francis Trunt—Some of Tommie O'Neill's popularity and democratic spirit.

To Helen Murphy—Full-length mirrors in all of her class rooms in order that she can satisfy herself that she is "Beautiful."

To Winifred Purdy—Some of Al Angell's aloofness so that she may be really high hat.

To Martin Rooney—A case of Palmolive soap in order to keep that school girl complexion.

To Ada Babcock—Some of Geneva Barney's silence.

To Margaret Burke—A General Motors truck so she can take *everybody* to school.

To Frank Pender—Some of George Gallant's height.

To Pat Brennan—A cute blonde to make his life Joy-ce.

To Irene Roberts—Some more adjectives to describe people, places and things.

To Ray Becker—A scheduled, secluded place to park.

To Sophia Benschoten—Sara Gnecco's ability to tell the faculty how her name is pronounced.

To Bea Gokey—A steady man upon whom she may exert her charms.

To Harry Webster—The ability to get the best of Mr. Clark in an argument—we wish you luck.

To Harriet Lasher—Someone to change her last name so she may sit next to Donald in her classes.

To Sam Dennison—A thousand two-cent stamps as well as lots of money with which to call Ilion by long distance.

To Eleanor Cunningham—A set of Shakespeare's works to impress upon her the importance of her namesake.

To Beth Miller—A free meal ticket at Coste's so she may eat there *all* the time.

To Encie Babcock—Some of Helen Montany's "Irishness."

To the Juniors—A comfortable class room in which to sit next year. It may help you to do better work.

In appreciation of all the things the members of the faculty have done for us and to us—the following:

To Mr. Clark—The pudding he is always talking about—so he may have the proof.

- To Mr. Wilkes—A fireproof accounting set. "For you see, class, no one can tell what might happen—and a loss is always an asset."
- To Miss Ketchum—A drag with motor cops so her escorts won't be pinched for speeding.
- To Mr. Todd—Some blackboard on which he can check up what the short-hand students are doing for home work.
- To Miss Anne O'Brien—The return of all the books that might have been lost in the fire but weren't.
- To Mr. Noyes—A class that will fully realize the significance of the word "Significance."
- To Mr. Terwilliger—Our sincerest appreciation for being "one of us" for our three years in Normal.
- To Mr. Thompson—The Junior class to educate. It will be a harder task than educating Indians.
- To Mr. Hartman: A box of toothpicks.
- To Miss Goodridge—No "flu" next year, so she may be an example of her talks on "How to Keep Well."
- To Mr. Smith—A course in elocution in order that he may be able to talk faster.
- To Mr. Street—A vote of thanks for his heroism. It was splendid.
- To Miss Carroll—A "get-together" with Mr. Clark to argue how to teach geography—may the best "man" win.
- To Miss Alice O'Brien—A rostrum for the purpose of training students.

To all whom we have omitted we make this concession. Either we didn't dare print the things we knew or there wasn't anything worth writing about.

Signed, sealed, witnessed in the presence of the undersigned, on the eighteenth day of June, year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine.

CLASS OF 1929
MAE P. BROWN.



Class Oration

Our Opportunities

As we the class of 1929 stand here upon the threshold of our graduation seeing our hopes and ambitions realized, we cannot avoid looking into the future with some speculation. We have numerous perplexing problems confronting us, yet over and above everything, the light we see is in the form of our opportunities.

On every hand we see the joys and sorrows of this world. Fifteen years ago, the greatest strife in the history of mankind broke out. The war broke out with such startling suddenness that it could not be avoided. The old doctrine of "might makes right," fostered by imperialistic struggles, was the basis. Our great nation entered trusting to usher in a new day of permanent peace. Now, a decade after this world conflict, surely we should see some evidences of this new day. But do we? The same old roots of bitterness, envy, and racial hatred manifest signs of life. We see the great race between nations for supremacy, together with the efforts to retard this madness. Our evident failure to negotiate successfully the debt settlement is a source of great disappointment. To some, the situation is becoming not unlike that prior to 1914.

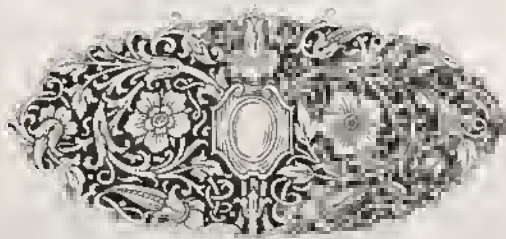
All our problems are not world ones. At home there are problems to be solved that will challenge the best in us. The immigration difficulties have not been cleared up. Even now we are wrestling with the National Origins question. Not only do we have to contend with foreign distrust in this matter, but also with discontent and ill feeling among our own people. The seriousness of this great problem cannot be over emphasized, since the very foundation of our nation rests upon racial solidarity. We see our beloved nation infested with crime. Our penal institutions are crowded, with no remedy yet to be seen. The eighteenth amendment has caused an upheaval that has brought forth a problem of the greatest magnitude. Some call this law a God-send; others, an experiment; while still others are convinced that it is foreign to our principles. At this very moment, our legislators are trying to work out some constructive program to aid the farmer. We are realizing none too soon that the very backbone of our nation deserves most earnest consideration.

Are these not problems that we must help to solve upon entering our chosen profession? Must we not assume our share of the responsibilities of this country, and swell the ranks of those who are struggling with these problems? For us, they are not only difficulties, they are also opportunities—opportunities that are present in few professions to the same degree that they are present in our own.

If we pause a moment to think of the teacher a century ago and his environment and opportunities, then turn to our environment and opportunities of today, the privilege that is ours becomes only too evident—an opportunity for service. Very few other professions offer the opportunity that we have within our grasp. May we not fail. We, as prospective teachers, have the responsibility of molding young life. Our influence for good must be great, if we take advantage of every opportunity. The task is gigantic, but the burden is made lighter in the knowledge that ours is a business worth while.

Therefore, let this commencement period mark a true beginning in our lives. May we ever keep our class motto before us—"To be, rather than to seem to be." Let us grasp the opportunities afforded us, in order that we may become faithful teachers: faithful in spirit and faithful in truth.

ALBERT D. ANGELL, JR.



Charge to Juniors

Juniors! The day of our farewell has arrived and with it a feeling of mingled sorrow and joy. Joy, because the heights for which we have labored during the past three years have been attained; sorrow, alas, deep sorrow, because we must now leave the destiny and traditions of our beloved Alma Mater in the hands of an utterly incapable, unreliable and unscrupulous group of individuals, not bound together by even an iota of class spirit.

Youth, September and the opening of school. What a lovely time it is, this month of half-faded beauty. Let us turn back to the September of 1927. It was with a deep feeling of remorse and anguish that we were forced to witness your arrival at our famed institution of learning. We were amazed when we gazed, as we are also forced to do now, upon the utterly frozen, scared faces of a group, whom the majority of us thought had been gathered from an institution of feeble-minded beings. We realized then that you were students; of what, we were forced to wonder and to this day are still wondering. It is a problem unsolved; a problem which would tax the minds of the great thinkers of all time. Even we members of the class of 1929 find it impossible to state just what you are, who you are, and how you represent a Junior Class.

We Seniors are noble and generous. We understand that not all of you so-called Juniors are actually destitute of the powers of thinking. A few individuals who compose your class have given evidence of being worthy of leadership, but unhappily, the great majority lacked the ability to understand real greatness when it appeared before your all-seeing eyes. Your several attempts to hold class meetings resembled more what is commonly termed a free-for-all fight than orderly intelligent gatherings for the conducting of sane business-like meetings similar to those awe-inspiring ones in which we members of the class of 1929 conducted our class affairs.

It is difficult for the present Seniors to imagine that some day you youngsters will fill the places which we occupy here today; that you will be graduated into the ranks with us and other great educators and leaders of the nation. It is impossible to estimate your worth, because you are incapable of applying the fundamentals of leadership. What a strenuous task awaits our beloved faculty when you go forward to take our honored place! It has been said that "Twice in our life we are very sure of ourselves." In youth we are strenuously sure! Youth belongs to you, but, alas, you are *not* sure. For the past two years you have stood on the brink of "Doubt." You have been lost in your own familiar world. Had you closely studied and followed the tactics used by the Class of 1929 you would be worthy of assuming our place. No, unhappily, you are still possessed with the ignorance of youth.

Dear Juniors, let Fear and her handmaiden, Worry, never change the scheme of your life. Place your energy in work, which is at once a plan and a prayer based on the wholesome faith of good living. Never say you are lost, never even think it. Climb higher! Should a vision beckon you across the line that marks the end of knowledge and the beginning of mystery, follow it, make it your own familiar dream. It may lead to high estate and even to a new world—though you are the Class of 1930. Follow the courageous spirit. Put your hand to the latch of a desire to keep the faith with us, the Class of 1929, and push on. Do this and there is no earthly power that can stop you from attaining that which you now seek.

JOSEPH F. DONOVAN.



Reply to the Seniors

In the fall of 1926, the city of Plattsburgh was shocked out of its usual sedateness and quiet dignity by the entrance of a new class into the Plattsburgh State Normal School, possessed of rare abilities, lofty ideals, intelligence extraordinary and ambition untiring.

The members of this class are now facing me. I am here to pronounce their eulogy. I would hesitate to undertake so tremendous a task were it not that a sense of duty urges me to speak now or forever hold my peace.

"Seniors, I come to bury you, not to praise you:
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft' interred with their bones;
So let it be with you."

Class of '29, in looking you over I am reminded of the young Irish statesman who, when about to meet his fate upon the scaffold, said, "Let no man write my epitaph." Seniors, let no man write your history. No man can write your history. Pastless, presentless and futureless you are historyless as well.

Seniors, we ask you to lay aside the childish disdain which you have so long cherished towards us. There is no man so perfect but that he has his faults, and so have we, but your faults outweigh your merits and we pity you.

It is true, however, that in this moment of your success and happiness, the class of '30 desires to relieve you of that weight of responsibility that is and has been yours as members of a Normal Graduating Class. Your fears that this school will enter into chaos because of your failure to attain those heights which only heroes attain, are all to no avail.

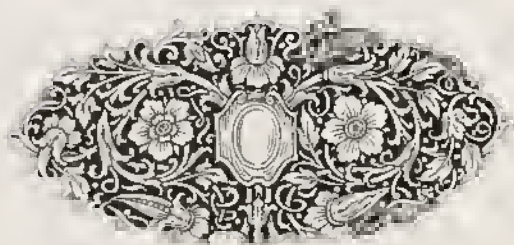
The class of '30 is here to complete that which you have left undone. Our task is awe-inspiring. However, no mountain is too high nor path too steep to deter us from our goal.

You have spent three full years in dear Plattsburgh Normal. No doubt, you know almost half of what there is to know. Well, 'tis good that you realize that there is yet another half to learn. We do grant you learning of a sort. However, do not think that learning can be measured in meters or in feet. 'Tis of an intangible nature. The more you know, the more there is to know. Therefore, though we may be inferior to you in learning, do not lose sight of what remains to be attained.

The parting hour is here and all source of rivalry seems but as an empty boast. In a very short while you will have to take your place upon the ladder

of endeavor. We trust and we pray that you will reach the topmost rung. However, in your ardor to get there, forget not loyalty to your Alma Mater. Be true to her and to the ideals for which she stands. Work for the joy of working because "it is not doing the things we like to do but liking the things we have to do" which makes a successful life.

HERBERT DRUM.



Mantle Oration

For many years it has been customary for each class to commemorate its passing from academic to professional life by planting a bit of Ivy—the symbol of enduring memories and enlarging activity. It is with regret that conditions have necessitated a change in this custom.

However, these same conditions have placed in the hands of the Class of 1929 the privilege of instituting a new method of commemoration; one which we sincerely hope may be thought worthy of imitation by the classes that come after.

This Mantle—the traditional garb of the senior in higher institutions of learning—is a badge of distinction. Although drab and plain, it clothes the wearer with a certain brilliance, that of achievement; it radiates the luster of leadership.

But it is more than these. It is the symbol of the responsibilities, the obligations, the duties and the opportunities for leadership which are the peculiar and exclusive heritage of every senior class. It may be said with much truth, "As is the Senior, so is the School."

In passing this Mantle from our shoulders to yours, we, the Class of 1929, but symbolize and commemorate the passing to you, the Class of 1930, of all the inherent rights, privileges, duties and responsibilities belonging to the senior class of the Plattsburgh State Normal School. With this ceremony we resign our seniority to you. May you wear this badge of distinction, this mark of leadership, the Mantle of Responsibility, with the dignity and honor due our Alma Mater.

When, perchance, a year from today, this Mantle is placed on the shoulders of the Class of 1931, may you remember the Class of 1929, striving to live our motto, "To be, not to seem to be."

Seniors, the graduates of 1929 salute you!

GRACE B. R. GARRISON.

President's Address

The fall of 1926 marked a new epoch in the lives of more than one hundred youthful men and women when, perhaps for the first time, we cast behind us the ties of our childhood days and set forth on a new venture—an undertaking that has carried us through the three most eventful years of our lives. We know that we will remember this adventure as long as life itself flows through our veins.

We feel a deep sense of gratitude to our friends and to our parents upon whose wisdom we have relied. Especially do we feel grateful to our Principal and the Faculty, in the cultivation of whose friendship we have derived pleasure, inspiration and invaluable aid.

Our time at Plattsburgh, as a united class, is limited. In a few short hours we shall bid farewell to our Alma Mater in order to seek success in some form of activity in various parts of the State. However, the "Spirit" that has dominated the class of 1929 for the past three years will continue to be displayed by loyal "Normalites" who will always "Carry-On" for the institution that we have learned to love.

Now that the end is near and our career as Seniors is almost over, we pause and wonder whether the achievements of the class of 1929 have been worthwhile. We have left minor contributions as compared to the many useful things given us by the school we love best. May the remaining classes profit by our trivial good deeds and by our foolish mistakes.

Classmates: We are assembled together for the last time. I wish to thank you for the honor you have bestowed in giving me an opportunity to serve you during the past two years as president of our class. We have passed three of the most enjoyable years of our lives here, during which we have solved many difficult problems together. Now the last hour has struck. With changeless love for our Alma Mater, with steadfast loyalty to one another, with a heart bent on high things, broad enough for all—we go forth, and Godspeed!

THOMAS H. O'NEILL.

Valedictory

Today is the Commencement of the Class of 1929. How fitting is the term "Commencement" as applied to this occasion for it is the beginning of our education in a school of wide and varied scope—that of Life.

It is also the beginning of a period of service. As teachers of young Americans, we serve as no other professional group has an opportunity to serve.

Service is the high art of living. Our turn to serve mankind has come. We must now drop the drab garments of self and take on the invisible selflessness of the serving spirit. Although the world goes forward on the hands of the workers, it is proved that it cannot go far on efficiency alone. Into each bit of labor, if it is to endure, must go some little of the magic of service. The very spirit of service must breathe life into the work of our hands to make it lasting.

There are many forms of service that sweeten life and benefit the world, but possibly none is so important as the training of a child or youth, inspiring him to his best efforts. In rendering this service, one must bear in mind that often times service consists not so much in achievement of results as it does in an attitude of spirit. Browning has said:

" 'Tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what man Would do."

So may we all, though we may never reach the heights of achievement, let our lives reach out in ministration to other lives.

Members of the Faculty, in our farewell to you, we hope that we may guide others as you, with your wisdom, kindness and knowledge have guided us. May we strive to serve those who come into contact with us as you are serving to inspire those whose lives you touch. May the Spirit of Service guide us as it guides you!

Let us remember the thought expressed in the words of Edgar A. Guest:

"That man is great, whatever be his station,
Who truly serves his God, his home, his nation."

GRACE B. R. GARRISON.

Salutatory

The day of leave-taking has arrived when the Class of Nineteen Twenty-Nine must call this phase of its education ended. To all who have assembled here to witness this formal farewell, we extend our heartiest welcome. To our parents, who have planned for so long, given so much and worked so hard to make this day possible; to our teachers, who, with their instruction and example, have given us most worthy ideals, which we in turn must pass on to youth; to the city, which rendered us all possible aid in the face of the recent calamity; to all these, our gratitude is so deep as to make expression difficult. We can only say we greet your presence here as an indication of your trust in us.

We salute you, the undergraduates, among whom we have found many sincere friends. The opportunity to avail yourselves of the educational advantages and instruction, such as we have had, is yours. May you utilize it to the fullest extent.

Although our Normal School days are over we realize that our education is not finished. Education may be begun; it may be continued; it should never be completed.

We have the upward struggle yet before us. Our chosen profession carries with it the obligations of reverent service and unceasing diligence. We must live cleanly so as to prove worthy of our trust. With justice and patience we must deal with those whose lives we shall do so much to fashion.

Although we may never rise to fame we hope to attain success in unusual terms of achievement. The teacher's success is not measured in a material way. If we can, even in the most obscure position, encourage love of knowledge, guide even a few unstable boys and girls, implant true ideals in those who have been placed in our charge, we shall be successful. Indeed, Henry Van Dyke in his "Tribute to the Unknown Teacher" says, "Patient in his daily duty, the unknown teacher strives to conquer the evil powers of youth. He lights many candles which in later years come back to cheer him. This is his reward."

And so, today, as we welcome you, we express our determination to gladly accept our responsibility with its obligations to the State and its future citizens. May we, each one of us, do our part to leave the world better because of having taught in it.

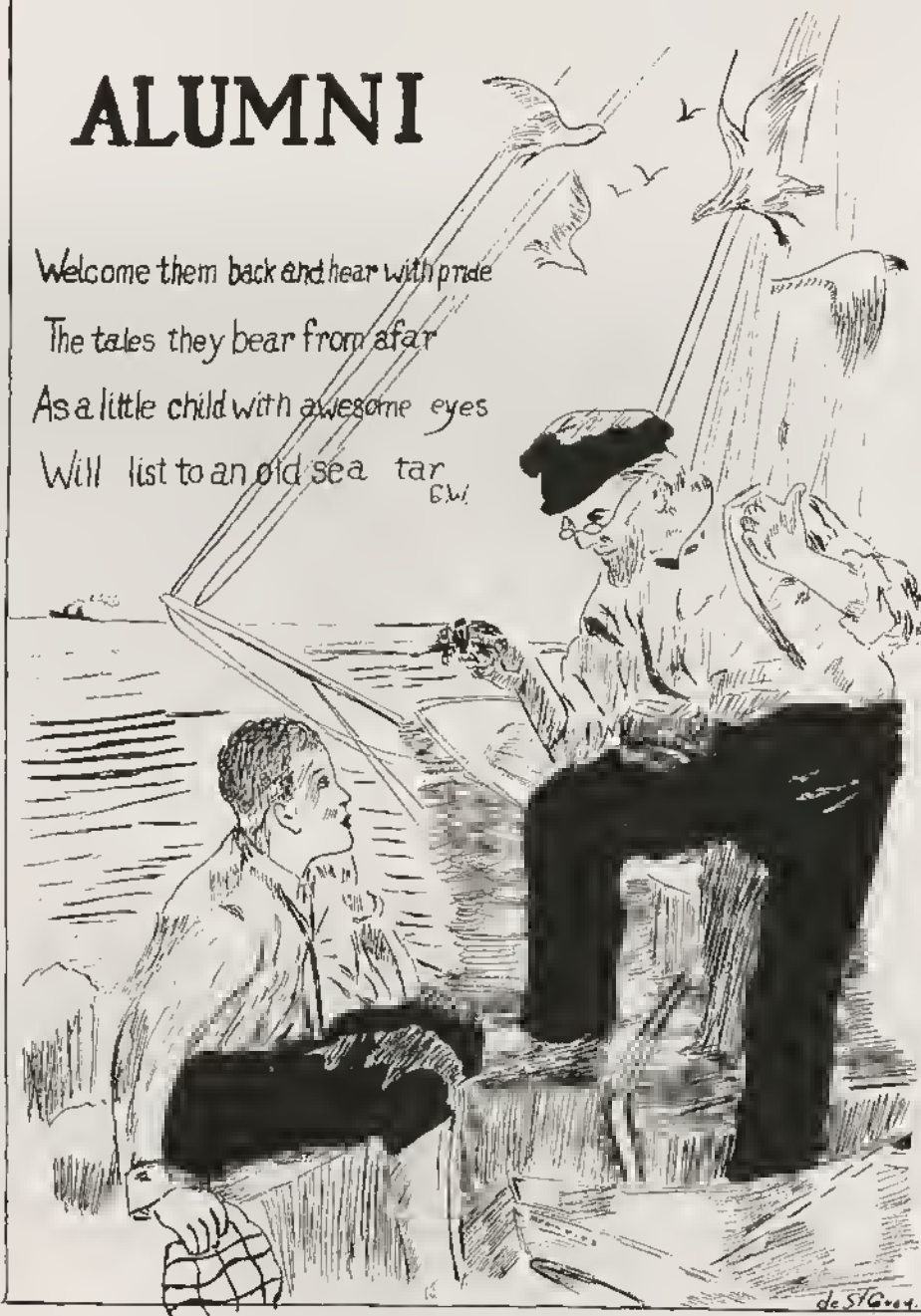
AMY E. ALDEN.



ALUMNI

Welcome them back and hear with pride
The tales they bear from afar
As a little child with awesome eyes
Will list to an old sea tar

SW





Alumni

Officers

MISS ELIZABETH R. HAWKINS, '14	<i>President</i>
MR. CARL R. MYERS, '18	<i>Vice-President</i>
MRS. NORMAN DAVIS, '26	<i>Secretary</i>
MRS. BERNARD ST. LOUIS, '11	<i>Treasurer</i>

*Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies.*

—ROGERS, "Pleasures of Memory."

ENJOYABLE REUNION AT NORMAL GYMNASIUM, JUNE 18, 1928

This annual affair proved to be one of the most successful ever held, there being an attendance of fully two hundred. Members of the Alumni and the Class of 1928 heard excellent addresses by Dr. G. K. Hawkins, Principal of our Normal, Dr. Milo H. Hillegas, a member of the faculty of Columbia University, and Miss Agnes Bowe, President of the Alumni Association.

Miss Agnes Bowe, the outgoing president of the Normal Alumni Association, welcomed the incoming members of the Class of 1928. In the course of her remarks in welcome to the group of graduates, she spoke in admiration of the work of Dr. Hawkins as dean of the Normal School. Then Miss Bowe turned over the gavel to Dr. Hawkins who acted as toastmaster of the evening.

He complimented the graduates upon their accomplishments at the Normal School and wished them success in their worldly careers. He then asked for a reply from the Senior president, Craig Martin, who responded with a short address.

Prof. Paul Hartmann who has made himself popular with the student body in the period he has spent here, represented the faculty by giving a toast to the Alumni and graduates.

Dr. Hawkins then called upon one of the illustrious members of the Alumni Association, Mrs. Sarah Heyworth Barber, a member of the Class of 1906. In addressing the

gathering, Mrs. Barber spoke of the nation-wide reputation of the Plattsburgh State Normal School, and of the excellent reputation that had been built up around Dr. Hawkins as a teacher and dean of the institution.

Hon. W. E. Pierce next addressed the diners as president of the local board of managers. He extended his sincere congratulations to the 1928 graduates.

Dr. Milo Hillegas, of Columbia University, the principal speaker of the evening delivered a very interesting address.

Preceding the dinner, a new group of officers were elected as follows:

President, Miss Elizabeth R. Hawkins, '14; vice-president, Mr. Carl R. Myers, '18; secretary, Mrs. Norman Davis, '26; treasurer, Mrs. Bernard St. Louis, '11.

REUNION OF THE ALUMNI IN NEW YORK CITY AND ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The first Saturday in May of each year is an important day for Alumni of Plattsburgh Normal School. On that day, the Alumni in and near New York City meet in the ball room of the Hotel McAlpin, New York City, for their annual luncheon and reunion.

In May, 1928, there were about one hundred and twenty-five in attendance. The earliest class represented was the Class of 1900. Miss Elizabeth B. Sowles and Miss Cora Atwood gave their class that honor. Mr. Frederick H. Rea, of Scott,

Foresman and Company, represented the Class of 1902.

Dr. E. N. Jones, Principal of Plattsburgh Normal School from 1892 to 1898, was also present. Dr. Kitchell, formerly of the faculty, gave a very interesting talk about our Alma Mater.

Each person present told the group his or her name, class and present position.

A message of love and good cheer was sent to Professor Thompson who was ill in the Champlain Valley Hospital at the time. Another was sent to our dear friend, Dr. Henshaw, who retired from active service in June, 1928.

It was decided that each year a special effort would be made to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the class graduating ten years before the reunion.

Dr. Hawkins sent a telegram of good wishes to the Alumni, and expressed his regret that he could not be present.

After election of officers, there was dancing for those who wished to enjoy the good music.

The Alumni of western New York met at the same time in Rochester. This section holds its meetings at Rochester, Syracuse or Buffalo. The luncheon this year will be held the first Saturday in May in Syracuse, and plans are now under way so as to have as big a reunion as possible.

ENGAGEMENTS

We are pleased to announce the engagement of Margaret Metzloff of the Class of 1928 to Mr. Roswell Clukey of the Class of 1927.

We are also glad to learn of the engagement of Mabel Close to Mr. Kenneth Brown. Both were members of the Class of 1928.

One hundred twenty-seven

MARRIAGE NOTICES

Esmer G. Bramer of the Class of 1928 is now Mrs. Philip Sullivan.

Evalyn A. Jones and Paul Jepson, both of the Class of 1928, were married on June 29, 1928.

Hazel Trim is the wife of Mr. Raymond Bradley. Mrs. Bradley was a member of the Class of 1928.

Dorothy Smith, a member of the Class of 1927, was married to Mr. Chester Skiff on December 27, 1928.

Ruth E. Langford is now Mrs. Herbert Merchant. She was married October of 1928.

Dorothy L. Dupras of the Class of 1927, is the wife of Mr. Henry Butler.

Agnes M. Dupras, '27, has changed her name to Mrs. Leo Newell.

Ruth Larson is married to Mr. James Johnson of Bayshore, L. I. They were married at Jamestown in August, 1928.

Gladys Baker, a member of the class of 1925, is married to Mr. Norman Hubbard of Hampton Bays, L. I. They were married in January of 1929.

J. Beth Austin of the Class of 1927 is now Mrs. Trumann Kahler. Her home is now in Rome, N. Y.

CLASS OF 1928

Hannah Armstrong is teaching in Massena Springs, N. Y.

Beatrice L. Avery is now a teacher at Huntington, L. I.

Lillian Balder is instructing the high school students of Gowanda High School along commercial lines.

Josephine M. Barnwell is a commercial teacher at the Pierce Business School in New York City.

Marion E. Bellows has a position teaching in St. Regis Falls, N. Y.

Catherine Bennett is teaching in New York City.

Olive R. Bigonaisse signed a contract to teach in Port Henry, N. Y.

Grace V. Boyd secured a position as teacher in West Albany, N. Y.

Jessie E. Boyer is now a teacher at the High School in Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Priscilla D. Broadwell is a member of the faculty of the High School at Richburg, N. Y.

K. William Brown is teaching in Clayton, N. Y.

B. Andrew Brunelle is teaching in a Business College in New York City.

Cecelia Burger signed a contract to teach in Margaretville, N. Y.

Francis E. Burke has a position teaching in New York City.

Mabel G. Close has a position teaching commercial subjects in the Watertown High School.

Theresa A. Clute is employed as a teacher at Whitehall, N. Y.

Winifred V. Coleman is teaching in Peekskill, N. Y.

Genevieve C. Conway is employed at the Todd-Nash Co. in Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Claire A. Culnane is a successful teacher at Ballston Spa, N. Y.

Mario Del Favero has an excellent teaching position at Schroon Lake, N. Y.

Helen E. Douglass is teaching the seventh grade at Ausable Forks, N. Y.

Isabelle A. Downey is a successful teacher at Lindenhurst, L. I.

Walter E. Dudas is teaching commercial subjects in Somerville, N. J.

Blanche E. Ecker is a member of the faculty of the Watertown High School.

Charles M. Ellis is teaching in Chittenango, N. Y.

Lois Evenson is a teacher in a Plattsburgh District School.

Madeline M. Fallon is teaching in New York City.

Anne G. Finigan secured a position as teacher in West Albany, N. Y.

Evelyn M. Forcier is teaching in New Russia, N. Y.

Mildred C. Fraser has a position teaching in Spencerport, N. Y.

Mabel I. Graham taught in Willsboro, N. Y., but owing to illness, resigned the position, and is now at her home in Crown Point.

Aurilla R. Gregory is teaching in Essex, N. Y.

Margaret M. Hagan is now a teacher in the High School in Alexandria Bay.

Jennie Hamilton is teaching in Oakfield, N. Y.

Arthur D. Haugh secured a position as teacher in Waterloo, N. Y.

Philip Hawkins signed a contract to teach in Springville, N. Y.

Samuel E. Healey is matriculating at Union College in Schenectady.

Blanche L. Hildebrant is a commercial teacher in the Woodridge High School in Woodridge, N. Y.

Helen Jackson secured a position as teacher in Southampton, L. I.

Anna E. Java is a teacher of Shorthand and Bookkeeping in the Montclair Secretarial School.

Paul M. Jepson signed a contract to teach in Granville, N. Y.

Evelyn A. Jones, now Mrs. Paul M. Jepson, is teaching in Amsterdam, N. Y.

Alfreda A. Kastner is a successful commercial teacher at Celeron, N. Y.

Bertha F. Kelly is teaching in Chazy, N. Y.

Nora Kinney has a secretarial position in Rome, N. Y.

E. W. Esther Koch has a position teaching in Schenectady, N. Y.

Pearl M. LaBarge is employed as a teacher in Mooers, N. Y.

Mary B. LaBrie has a teaching position in Munsville, N. Y.

Charles LaCroix is working at Rouses Point, N. Y.

Leo A. Laravie is working in Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Kathleen McCannah is teaching in West Stony Creek, N. Y.

Evelyn C. McCloy has a position teaching commercial subjects in Closter, N. J.

Martha Magoon is teaching in St. Johnsville, N. Y.

Alice K. Malone is teaching at a Business College in New York City.

Craig T. Martin is a successful teacher in the Commercial Department of the Oneonta High School.

Marjorie L. Martin is a member of the Clymer High School faculty.

James R. Meehan has a position teaching commercial subjects in Elizabeth, N. J.

Sylvia A. Melofsky is now a teacher in the High School at Mt. Kisco.

Esther R. Merwin secured a position as teacher in St. Johnsville, N. Y.

Margaret D. Metzloff is teaching in her home town in North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Myrtle D. Molony is teaching in the Commercial Department of the Valatie High School.

Francis E. Morhaus is teaching in West Carthage, N. Y.

James C. Morrissey is teaching in a Business School in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Helen M. Murphy is attending New York University, and will receive a B.S. in Education in June, 1929.

Wilfred C. Nadeau is teaching in a Business School in Syracuse, N. Y.

Frances H. Nash has a position teaching in Elmsford, N. Y.

Etta F. O'Malley is working in her home town, Hardwick, Vt.

Kathleen M. Penfield is employed as a teacher in Port Henry, N. Y.

Laura M. Persons is a teacher in the High School at St. Johnsville, N. Y.

Evelyn E. Porter is teaching in Crown Point, N. Y.

Alice J. Rea has secured a position in Johnstown, N. Y.

Robert G. Rienzi is a teacher of commercial subjects in the Garfield High School.

Dorothy E. Riley is a successful teacher at Lyon Mountain, N. Y.

Ruth C. Rising has a position teaching in Lewis, N. Y.

Minnie Roblee is teaching in Willsboro, N. Y.

Charlotte M. Rombach is a teacher in the High School in Gouverneur, N. Y.

Louis R. Rosetti signed a contract to teach in Silver Creek, N. Y.

Iva S. Ryan is at home in Peru, N. Y.

Wilhelmina Semple is a successful teacher at Milford, N. Y.

Mary S. Shannon is a teacher in the High School at Old Forge, N. Y.

Eloise H. Smith is employed as a teacher at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

Ethel M. Stafford is doing secretarial work for a business firm in New York City.

Freda I. Terwilliger is a member of the Cincinnati High School faculty.

Dorothy E. Torpey is teaching in Wellsville, N. Y.

Helen Voris writes that she is enjoying her work as a commercial teacher in Cortland, N. Y.

Mary E. Walsh is teaching in the primary department of a Fort Edward school.

Adelaide E. White has a position teaching commercial subjects in the North Lawrence High School.

Kermit Williams is teaching in Red Creek, N. Y.

Jane Wilson is an assistant commercial teacher in the Hadley-Luzerne High School in Luzerne, N. Y.

CLASS OF 1927

Spencer B. Ames is teaching in a Junior High School in Elizabeth, N. J.

Dora Anthony is teaching in Clyde, N. Y.

J. Beth Austin, now Mrs. Tru-mann Kahler, is teaching in the High School in Rome, N. Y.

Mildred Baker is teaching in the commercial department of the High School in Union, N. J.

Mary Brennan secured a position as teacher in Dannemora, N. Y.

Elbert H. Burington is teaching commercial subjects in Millbrook, N. Y.

Ethel M. Carlson is teaching in the commercial department of the Westfield High School.

Gladys V. Carlson has a position teaching commercial subjects in the Falconer High School.

Mae I. Chellis is a member of the Canton High School faculty.

Helen M. Clark is teaching at Central Islip, N. Y.

Roswell F. Clukey is an assistant instructor in the commercial department of the Kibler High School in Tonawanda, N. Y.

Fannie E. Collins has a position teaching in the second grade of the Farmingdale Union Free School, Farmingdale, N. Y.

James Collins is now a teacher in the Elmsford High School.

Augustin L. Cosgrove is teaching in Elizabeth, N. J., and is pursuing a course of study at New York University.

Marie F. Cronin is at her home in Plattsburgh. We have been happy to see her so often this year.

Clara B. Cronkrite is a successful teacher in Corning, N. Y.

Margaret E. Daniels has a position in the commercial department of Pulaski Academy and Union School, Pulaski, N. Y.

A. Norman Davis is a member of the Haverling High School faculty in Bath, N. Y.

Alger A. Davis secured a position teaching bookkeeping and typewriting in the Alexander Hamilton Junior High School in Elizabeth, N. J.

Mandana E. Disotell signed a contract to teach in the fifth grade of the Bay Avenue School in Patchogue, L. I.

Myra E. Downey has a position teaching in Saranac, N. Y.

Agnes M. Dupras, now Mrs. Leo Newell, is teaching in Clayburg, N. Y.

Mrs. Henry Butler, formerly Miss Dorothy L. Dupras, is teaching in Riverview, N. Y.

Anna M. Finnell is teaching in Churubusco, N. Y.

Francis P. Haron is teaching in a Business School in Mt. Vernon.

Mary I. Hughes is an instructor at the New York State Training School in Hudson, N. Y.

Adele H. Kaempf is teaching in her home town at West New York, N. J.

Mrs. Hubert Merchant, formerly Miss Ruth E. Langford, is employed as a teacher in Ravena, N. Y.

Elizabeth J. Lawless holds a position as instructor in the High School in Amsterdam, N. Y.

Lawrence E. LeFevre is employed in Plattsburgh.

Katherine Mason is teaching in Ilion, N. Y.

Katherine McCaffrey is teaching in the commercial department at the Carthage High School.

Marion McCarthy, now Mrs. George Fitzpatrick, is residing in Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Marie A. McDonough has a teaching position in Fulton, N. Y.

Mildred E. Mack is a successful teacher in the Orchard Park High School, Orchard Park, N. Y.

Myrtle A. Manley is teaching in the Northern New York School of Commerce in Malone, N. Y.

Katherine Murray has a teaching position in Cambridge, N. Y.

Agatha Rooney is studying at Syracuse University.

Francis E. Ryan is working in Brooklyn and is attending New York University.

Francis T. Ryan is teaching in Chateaugay, N. Y.

Vera R. Schoenweiss is a member of the high school faculty in Arlington, N. Y.

Inez M. Siddons is a successful commercial teacher in Norwood, N. Y.

Esther A. Signor is teaching commercial subjects at the high school in Coeymans, N. Y.

Dorothy A. Singleton has a position teaching in South Glens Falls, N. Y.

Dora D. Smith is employed as a teacher in Cambridge, N. Y.

Dorothy M. Smith, now Mrs. Chester Skiff, is teaching in Greenwich, N. Y.

Mary E. Stanton is attending New York University, and will receive a B.S. degree in the spring.

Violet M. Trombly is teaching at a Business College in Gloversville, N. Y.

Marion E. Turk is teaching commercial subjects in Whiteboro, N. Y.

Gertrude F. Turner is a commercial teacher at the New York State Training School in Hudson, N. Y.

Selma Washbond is a member of the Whitney Point High School faculty.

Lynda E. Wells secured a position as teacher in Seacliffe, L. I.

Anna P. Woodward is enjoying her work as a teacher in Floral Park, N. Y.

Marielle S. Woodward has a teaching position in Riverhead, N. Y.

CLASS OF 1926

Lois Delano is teaching in Rockville Center, L. I.

Dorothy Hayes has a teaching position in Hudson Falls, N. Y.

Harriet Lavison has an excellent teaching position in Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Lois McCarthy is teaching in Glens Falls, N. Y.

Hildegard Mentley has a teaching position in Buffalo, N. Y.

Norma Payne Meyers is living in Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Florence Mulvey is employed as a teacher in Central Islip, L. I.

Gladys Roberts is teaching commercial subjects in Ticonderoga High School.

Maryln Wing is teaching in the Addison High School, Addison, N. Y.

CLASS OF 1925

Isabelle Beveridge is teaching in the William W. Smith School in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Cynthia Brooks is teaching commercial subjects at New York Mills, N. Y. She has secured a B.S. degree from New York State College for Teachers at Albany, N. Y.

Hannah Marvin is teaching at Liberty, N. Y.

Mary Morrissey is teaching in Yonkers, N. Y.

Luella Wagmaker is a teacher of secretarial studies at Caldwell High School, N. J.

OTHER ALUMNI NEWS

Lucy Bartholomew, Class of 1919, who finished her requirements for the B.A. degree at Syracuse University in June, 1928, is now teaching at Hempstead, L. I.

Dorothy Brorhens is a commercial teacher in Winthrop, N. Y.

Ethel Comins and Adeline Wallace, '19, are teaching in Blodgett Vocational High School, Syracuse, N. Y.

Anne Dawson has a teaching position in Port Henry, N. Y.

Genevieve Finigan secured a position as teacher in West Albany, N. Y.

Agnes Foley is a member of the Master Park High School faculty in Buffalo, N. Y.

Julia Gardaphe is teaching in Hudson, N. Y.

Madeline E. Hitz and Mrs. Katherine Fritz, formerly Miss Katherine Robb, are members of the Poughkeepsie High School faculty.

Arleta Knickerbocker is a member of the faculty of the Cortland High School.

Winifred LaMoy, Class of 1923, is teaching in Bound Brook, N. J.

Erma Mallory, now Mrs. Anson Cunningham, of the Class of 1923, is teaching in the Fort Edward High School.

Lucy McDonald is teaching in Walden, N. Y.

Helen McLaughlin, '23, is teaching in Patchogue, L. I.

Mabel Morrison has a position teaching in Dolgeville, N. Y.

Marguerite Mulvey, '22, is teaching in Central Islip, L. I.

Katherine Murphy, '22, of Ausable Forks, is teaching in Lake Placid, N. Y.

Mrs. Harold Noel, formerly Miss Theresa Kelly, is now residing in Ticonderoga, N. Y.

Alice Nulty signed a contract to teach in Pleasantville, N. Y.

Frederick H. Rea is connected with the Scott, Foresman and Company in New York City.

Anna Reed, '23, is teaching the fourth grade in Fort Edward, N. Y.

Margaret Renison, '19, is teaching at Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone. She has been enjoying many interesting experiences, especially the mud and dampness of the rainy season there.

Marie Schroder is teaching in the East High School in Buffalo, N. Y.

Harold Stratton is teaching commercial subjects in the High School at Farmingdale, L. I.

Gertrude Trombley has a position teaching in Ticonderoga, N. Y.

Heyward Webster is teaching in Amityville, N. Y.

Catherine Weir is teaching in Katonah, N. Y.

Marion Wright is teaching in the Port Henry High School.

ALUMNI VISITORS TO PLATTSBURGH

On Columbus Day we were glad to see so many of our Alumni back

again. Among those who visited us were: Bob Rienzi, Mario Del Favero, Kathleen Penfield, Walt Dudas, Evelyn Porter, Evelyn Forcier, Ruth Rising, Chuck Ellis, Madeline Hitz, and Mrs. Katherine Fritz, formerly Miss Katherine Robb.

During the Thanksgiving recess the following were in Plattsburgh: Winnie Coleman, Claire Culnane, Blanche Hildebrant, Helen Jackson, Dorothy Riley, Hannah Armstrong, Esther Koch, Wilhelmina Semple, Mary LaBrie, Ed Dodds, Kermit Williams, and Francis Morhaus.

Just before Thanksgiving, Peggy Hagan, Blanche Ecker, Mabel Close and Ken Brown came to visit their friends in Plattsburgh.

Agatha Rooney was at home in Plattsburgh the week of January 27, for her mid-year recess.

Sam Healey was also at home during mid-year vacation.

Marie A. McDonough visited classes at the City Hall on February 21, 1929. We were all glad to see her back again.

Helen Voris visited us at Normal a few days last fall. So, too, did Betty Walsh.

We have also seen Helen Douglass, Spud Ames, Francis Haron, Francis Ryan, Velma Turner, Anna Goldman, Frances Nash and Francis Burke in town during the year.



Autographs



Fraternities

Alpha Delta Phi - Clionian - Alpha Delta Theta

Kappa Kappa Kappa - Delta Tau Chi



Interfraternity Council

The Interfraternity Council is the body that regulates all interfraternity matters, such as the making and enforcing of the rushing rules and the selecting of dates for dances and other events. The Council is composed of two Senior members and one Junior member from each of the fraternities and sororities.

Officers

THOMAS O'NEILL, Tri-Kappa *President*
MARY CLARK, Alpha Kappa Phi *Vice-President*
HELEN MONTANY, Delta Clio *Secretary*

Members

Delta Clio

Mary DeVasto
Helen Montany
Geraldine Sennett

Alpha Delta

Christine Hale
Sarah Hull
Irene Roberts

Alpha Kappa Phi

Mary Clark
Catherine Degenhardt
Beatrice Gokey

Tri-Kappa

Samuel Dennison
Thomas O'Neill
Sheard Parker

Delta Tau Chi

Albert Angell
Shepard Clark
Joseph Donovan



Active Chapters of Clonian

Founded in 1878

ALPHA	Geneseo
BETA	Oneonta
DELTA	Plattsburgh
EPSILON	Oswego
ETA	New Paltz
GAMMA	Cortland
KAPPA	Potsdam



Delta Chapter of Clonian

Sorores in Facultate

Mrs. O. H. Amsden	Miss Kate E. Hull	Miss Elizabeth R. Hawkins
Miss Alice O'Brien		Mrs. J. H. Rusterholtz
	Mrs. W. G. Thompson	

1929

Helen Baker	Mary DeVasto	Helen Montany
Mabel Brewer	Winifred Emnott	Margaret Strickland
Mae Brown	Grace Garrison	Vera Wellett
Gertrude Coffey	Bernice Giles	Mary Wheeler
Albertine Darling*		Celia Zepf

1930

Ada Babcock*	Geraldine Cordick	Elizabeth Miller
Encie Babcock	Vera Couture	Helen Murphy
Tracy Brennan	Eleanor Cunningham	Geraldine Sennett
Bernadette Connell	Nellie Hughes	Jean Slowey

1931

Elizabeth Anderson	Margaret Dunn	Ethel Relation
Mae Bonesteel	Dorothea DuRoss	Irma Roth
Frances Bratt	Elizabeth Jones	Dorothy Scharff
Helene Brown	Anna LeVarn	Claire Senecal
Carolyn Clark	Marion Lull	Marie Stiefvater
Kathryn Dawes	Mary Niles	Blanche Whitman

* Delegate to Convocation.



Clionian History

The original Clionian Society was formed in 1872. After the Oneonta Normal School opened, it was proposed, by some of the young ladies there, to form a literary society. Acting upon the suggestion of Dr. Milne and Miss Weingand, they wrote to Geneseo, asking the privilege of becoming Beta Chapter of the Clionian Society.

Their request was granted. Thus, the first step was taken toward forming a Normal School Fraternity. The object was to meet, through social intercourse and united effort, the needs of a more extended power of thought and expression and a broader culture than the routine of classroom work can furnish.

The object of this fraternity is to promote a more sisterly feeling among the various chapters, as well as among the different members of each chapter: to foster a unity of interest among the several schools which shall become a source of strength to all; to make the influence exerted by this fraternity an ennobling and helpful one to all its members.

At the present time the Delta Chapter of the Clionian Fraternity has forty-four active members. During rush, which began December 3 and ended with Pledge, December 17, we took in eighteen very promising Freshmen. Initiation began February 4 and ended with the usual banquet at the Witherill Hotel, February 9.

This is the first year that the Delta Chapter has had a "house." Last June arrangements were made with Mrs. Emerson Lewis to take the members of the chapter to room and board. This has tended to increase the fraternal feeling within our own chapter. In previous years our meetings were held in a room in the Normal building. The memory of that room, gone forever, will cling in the hearts of many Clionians for years to come.

June, the time when friends must part, many of us never to meet again, is here! Those of us leaving P. S. N. S. as graduates are still members of the Clionian Fraternity. We will often recall the happy times spent with our Clio sisters. Success and best wishes for the future to those of you carrying on our active work. May we always find "Clio House" one of the happiest places on earth.

GRACE B. R. GARRISON, '29.



Active Chapters of Alpha Delta

Established 1866

ALPHA	Rockport
BETA	Oneonta
GAMMA	Fredonia
DELTA	Cortland
EPSILON	Geneseo
ZETA	Bloomsburg, Pa.
ETA	Oswego
THETA	Plattsburgh
KAPPA	Potsdam



Theta Chapter of Alpha Delta

Sorority Advisor

Irene P. Berg

1929

Bernice Bellows
Hazel Burgess
Christine Hale

Eva Hinden
Sarah Hull
Ethel Ketcham
Alberta Todd

M. Patricia Macheski
Dorothy Mars
Mary Stenger

1930

Dorothy Adams
Margaret Bertrand
Violet Burrell
Vivian Clark
Tinella DeLesio
Rose Fischette
Mary Gergley
Irene Hoose

Harriet Lasher
Beulah Lawrence
Helen Lipphart
Alice Lowry
Elizabeth McClintock
Katherine Moran
Rita Nye
Rose Nye

Mary O'Connell
Helen O'Connor
Winifred Purdy
Irene Roberts
Helen Sleight
Geraldine Theisen
Adeline Urban
Sophia VanBenschoten

1931

Katherine Allen
Ruth Armstrong
Corinne Bahringer
Louise Belanger

Margaret Cathcart
Dorothy Civiletti
Elizabeth Lee
Magdalena Mykalosky

Beatrice Parnode
Jeanette Sprague
Annette Watson
Helen Winkler



Alpha Delta, 1928-29

Nothing binds the members of a sorority closer together than a house. Within the house the girls live as true sisters, while outside they speak with possessive pride of their common home. Alpha Delta has a house this year for the first time. We surely are proud of it, and never were we more proud than on that afternoon near the beginning of the year when we first entertained in our own home. It was our Open House, and the whole school was invited. Our guests all seemed to enjoy the hour or two they spent with us, and many of them complimented us on having such a house.

It was several weeks later that "rush" began. Then Alpha Delta was busy and gay as usual, but this time we held our parties in our own Home, rather than in someone else's home, as we had done in former years. There were four parties, each the result of an original idea, and each providing a particularly pleasant afternoon or evening. Rush ended with a pledge banquet at the Cumberland Hotel, followed by a lecture at the Strand Theater, and finally formal pledge at the House. We have gained fifteen loyal new members to carry on the work we have started.

Rush was over the week before Christmas vacation began. The day after school reopened we surprised our new members by starting initiation. Father Time called each shivering victim to the rostrum in assembly and made her repeat after him a resolution of better conduct during the coming months, and the New Year gave them small scrolls on which were written rules to guide that conduct. It was the last initiation from that rostrum; the Normal burned before any later initiation was begun.

We have employed several methods of earning money during the year. We held our annual Christmas sale in December, our annual dance in February, as well as several card parties, food sales, and candy sales at various times. They have been highly successful.

The sorority has sponsored many social events throughout the year, some of which have been enjoyed not only by our own members, but by the faculty and other societies as well.

As the CARDINAL goes to press we are planning to hold a convocation in Plattsburgh this year. It will be the first time we have entertained our sorority sisters from other Normal schools. We hope we can make it such a gathering that it will live in the memories of the delegates as former and similar gatherings live in the memories of our representatives.

Soon the year will be over, and some of us must leave. But wherever we roam in the future we shall always remember with a glow of happiness the years we spent in Plattsburgh Normal, where we enjoyed the wonderful privilege of being Alpha Deltas.

SARAH E. HULL, '29.



Active Chapters of Alpha Kappa Phi

		Established
ALPHA	Geneseo	1885
BETA	Oneonta	1891
DELTA	Plattsburgh	1892
ZETA	Brockport	1896
ETA ALUMNAE	Jamaica	1898
THETA	Cortland	1902
KAPPA	New Paltz	1924
EPSILON	Oswego	1925
GAMMA	Potsdam	1928

Delta Chapter of Alpha Kappa Phi

With an A With a G With an A G O
With an A G O N I A N
Agonian Agonian Agonian

Who is there among us not able to connect with Alpha Kappa Phi some very enjoyable times?

Early in the fall, through consistent efforts on the part of each girl, we began to make the year a most successful one. On Saturday, September 22, we held a Victrola Party at Ago House. This was a success socially since the evening ended all too soon.

The members as well as guests surely will not forget our first real "house dance" which was given on Hallowe'en night. The rooms were tastefully decorated to suit the occasion.

Along with our social activities we also worked to make the year a financial success. During the time which elapsed between September and Thanksgiving we had a rummage sale and two food sales. A goodly sum was realized from these affairs.

After a brief vacation at Thanksgiving everyone was back with the thoughts of "Rush." We were eager to get into the run of things, and started out with much ado to meet the Freshmen. The art of friend-making was a decided stimulus and after rushing season, which lasted two weeks, we pledged twenty-two girls.

A sale of fancy work was the center of attraction at Beemer's store on December 14 and 15. Many beautiful pieces were on exhibition and it proved to be a great success.

Time flew. Everyone was looking forward to Christmas vacation with great eagerness. On December 21 we had a Christmas party. Everyone entered into the spirit of the occasion and enjoyed it to the utmost. After vacation we returned to study and it was with a will to work that we attacked the books.

The week following Christmas vacation we had Formal Initiation at Ago House. The new members now were aware of the spirit of Ago and realized that we needed their unqualified support. Very soon we were greeted with the appearance of *The Agonian News*. This contained a report of the activities of each chapter of Alpha Kappa Phi. Although this is but a recent publication, we trust that its further editions will afford as much interest as this first one.

On Saturday, February 16, the Freshman Agos gave the other members a return party which was held at Normal Court. A very clever program was given by some of the Freshmen. Last but not least they presented us with a mirror.

During this time the Freshmen were waiting with much anticipation the eventful "initiation" period. Would it come this week or next?

Delegates were chosen for convocation, which was held at Oswego, in May. The representatives included Mary Clark, Betty Cronin and Ann Mulholland.

Plans were made for our dance which was given on April 20.

Now on graduation day it is all over, all over but the memories. However, for one and for all, Ago has made some impression, some mark, some contribution to our lives. It is our hope that even though some of us may part, perhaps never to meet again, we may always remember our friends and partially repay those gifts which Ago has generously bestowed upon us.

MARY DONNELLY, '30.





Delta Chapter of Alpha Kappa Phi

Established 1892

Sorores in Facultate

Anne L. Carroll

Anne O'Brien

Elizabeth M. Ketchum

Bertha M. Bardwell

Erminia M. Whitley

1929

Genevieve Bush

Esther Cushner

Anna Mulholland

Hildred Call

Catherine Degenhardt*

Abbie Shea

Arlene Chapman

Pauline Herling

Ruth Siddons

Mary Clark*

Irene Hitz*

Lillian Stone

Joyce Creswell*

Cora VanderBurgh

1930

Patricia Adams

Mary Donnelly

Mae Heckert

Elizabeth Bradley

Astrid Edwardson

Evelyn Hubbs

Marjorie Brown

Oreina Falcon

Edna Kearns

Catrynia Columbe

Beatrice Gokey

Frances Mulvey

Elizabeth Cronin

Pauline Hall

Helen Rooney

Louise Dalton

Eleanor Hart

Mildred Wilcox

1931

Irene Bruno

Marie Kinney

Marion Slezak

Margaret Devany

Irene McKillip

May Tecklenburg

Hazel English

Lucy Ostrosky

Elizabeth Thomson

Maxine Fitch

Madeleine Pickenpack

Muriel Thompson

M. Adelle Fraser

Frances Roche

Marie Van Aken

Eva Gamble

Mary Ryan

Virginia Whiting

Marguerite Hawley

Florence Wilson

* Presidents 1928-1929.

One hundred forty-nine



Chapters of Kappa Kappa Kappa

ALPHA	Buffalo
BETA	Cortland
GAMMA	Oswego
DELTA	Plattsburgh
PI ALPHA (passive)	Buffalo

Delta Chapter of Kappa Kappa Kappa

Kappa Kappa Kappa is a fraternity among Teachers' Colleges and Normal Schools, founded at Buffalo State College, New York, in 1920.

The president and founder, James H. Finley, together with J. Arthur Bellfield, Albert A. Meinhold, Albert E. Stalker and Alfred P. Weyler subscribed their names to the constitution of this fraternity November 14, 1921.

Since then, the parent body of this fraternity, the Alpha Chapter, has authorized subordinate chapters at Cortland, Oswego, Plattsburgh and Buffalo, known as Beta, Gamma, Delta and Pi Alpha, respectively.

The grand officers of Kappa Kappa Kappa are: C. W. Blakeslee, grand president; C. Sheard Parker, grand vice-president; Milton F. Cummings, grand secretary; George E. Schultz, grand treasurer; and Byron Schottin, grand historian.

The Kappan is the official publication of the fraternity. It is published quarterly. Milton F. Cummings, Beta Chapter, is editor-in-chief. Each chapter is represented through an assistant editor to the magazine.

From the beginning, and especially during the past year, the members of Delta Chapter have strived to sponsor school spirit and to aid in every activity that had for its end the betterment of the school.

At the close of this year, may we respectfully thank the members of the faculty for their untiring efforts in matters pertaining to our education; and may we express the wish that as the years roll by, there will be evidenced a greater spirit of cooperation and mutual sympathy among the various organizations and the individual members of the school.

ALFRED MILLET.





Delta Chapter of Kappa Kappa Kappa

Founded 1927

Fratres in Facultate

Dr. George K. Hawkins	William G. Thompson	Alfred Diebolt
Harrison M. Terwilliger		Paul H. Hartman
Frederick A. Wilkes		F. Osgood Smith

1929

Robert Carpenter	Howard Mooney	Thomas O'Neill
George Gallant		Sheard Parker

1930

Edwin Baker	Samuel Dennison	Alfred Miller
Guy Beaubriand	Herbert Drumm	Alwyn Mooney
Raymond Becker	Maurice Finnegan	John Owens
Russell Brennan	Richard Ford	Joseph Trombly
Andrew Broadwell	Richard Grefe	Earl Walrath
Ferdinand Damanda	Raymond Light	Donald Wilkes
	Archie Marino	

1931

Glen Austen	Francis Coste	Bradford Sterling
Raymond Brown	John Dupras	George Taylor
Loryne Connick	Charles Funnell	Robert Whitlock

One hundred fifty-three



Delta Tau Chi

Established 1927

Honorary Members

Mr. Samuel Todd
Dr. A. N. Henshaw
Mr. W. W. Renshaw

Mr. Lyndon R. Street
Mr. H. Otis Noyes
Mr. Lewis B. Clark

Mr. John H. Rusterholtz
Mr. Charles W. Brown
Mr. Robert W. Booth

Members

1929

Albert Angell, Jr.
Lisle Denicore

Joseph Donovan
W. Robert Farnsworth

Francis Kennedy
Ward Magoon

1930

Roy Blackmer
Shepard Clarke
Donald Downs
Raphael LaFontaine

Harold Leneghan
James McAloon
Martin Rooney

Harold Ryan
Curtiss Saunders
Andrew Sciscka
Harry Webster

1931

John Collins
Lester Coopy
Bruce Deane
John Gadway
Victor Kelly

Amos Mousaw
Ralph Pombrio
Lewis Smith
Joseph Teti
Everett Thomas

Lawrence Thornton
Joseph Tierney
Bertis VanderSchaaf
Dwight Warren
Claude Wood

History of Delta Tau Chi

Inculcated in the soul of every man is that yearning to live completely: yet how few are those who have found the means to such an end, who have come to the realization that to live a full life, man must live a life of service.

The faith that to leave some impression for good on your fellowmen when you are gone is the highest of heavens; the faith that to have had life and opportunity, to work and serve and laugh and love and be loved, is the golden reward in itself that makes all other rewards superfluous.

At the beginning we did recognize this as true. Throughout our existence we have strived hard that we might accomplish such a lasting success.

The founder of our fraternity is a man rich in ideals of the highest nature—a man knowing the need of a better understanding between men. He was the first to take action, the first to organize, the first to found that organization which we trust will live on forever, in order that its principles, which have penetrated into the very heart of its members, may continue to be a source of inspiration. To the instigator of the plan which resulted in Delta Tau Chi, we wish to render our thanks. Although the name is known to all, we mention it again, Prof. Samuel Todd.

Our history does not end there for our organizer did not grow old in his ideas: he did not cease to be a most important part of that machine, because he spent his time not in glorification, but in development, expansion and accomplishment.

So new names were added to our list of members, names which not only stood for men, but for Delta Tau Chi. We not only looked for new material among the men of the student body, but also elected to our organization Honorary Members from the faculty. We look with great pride to the day we pledged Dr. Henshaw. We cannot help but feel double assurance when we read over our ritual and associate it with the penman who wrote it—Judge Robert C. Booth. What one of us feels no pride when the name of John Rusterholtz is mentioned? Does not the name Lewis B. Clark stand for a modern instructor? When we startled Plattsburgh and vicinity with an honest-to-goodness minstrel show, was it not Lyndon R. Street who directed it? How about Charles Brown? Was not the "Press" right when it branded him as being one of the most popular professors who ever taught in Lynn, Mass.? Indeed, the words of our premier speaker, H. Otis Noyes, have become imbued in our systems, for did he not strike a new chord in our hearts when he said, "The duty of every man is to provide for the well-being of all men?" Can we ever be too grateful to another honorary member of Delta Tau Chi—W. W. Renshaw, manager of the New York office of the Gregg Publishing Co.—for sending much-needed books to the school after the fire?

Another year rolls by. Once more we are back in a most absorbing rush season, every man behind the emblem of his fraternity, working, struggling and trying hard to get his man. Once again new blood, new ideas, new achievements. Once again stronger Delta Tau Chi, always advancing, always striving to make the school and the fraternity better.

After all, this is not our history, for to us a history marks an end, yet we know that we have only started. To us, a history indicates a disintegration, but we hope that we remain intact. To us, our history is *Our* deeds as judged by *Another*. So we wait—wait until posterity shall pronounce her verdict upon our deeds, and we hope—hope that our accounting will be glorious.

ALBERT ANGELL, JR., '29.

MARTIN ROONEY, '30.





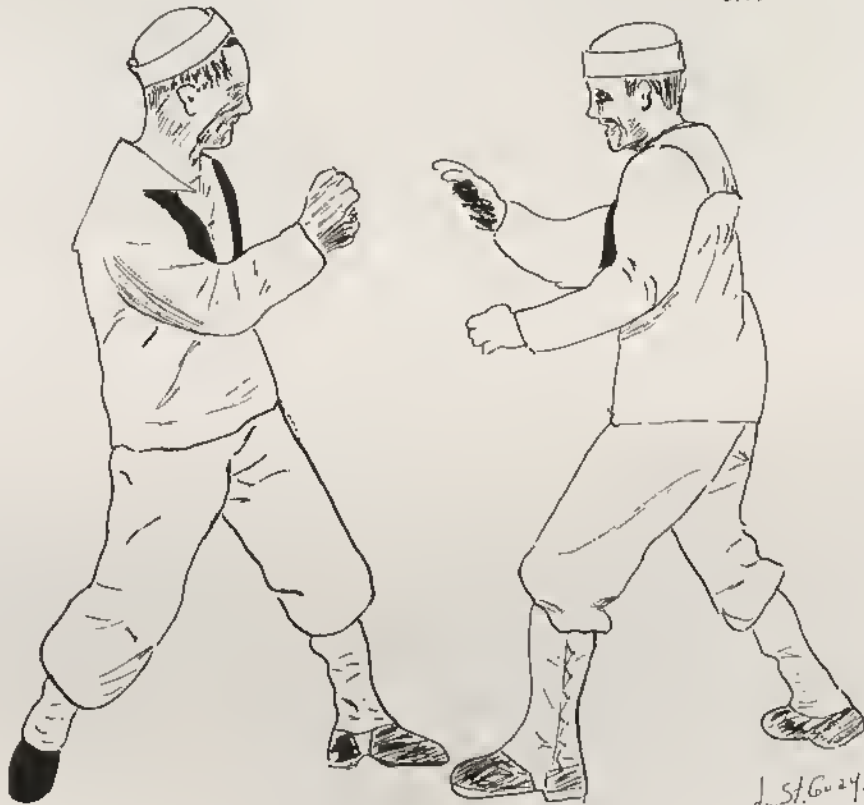
Professor Samuel Todd
Founder of
Delta Tau Chi



ATHLETICS

Another side to our education here
Is not so much to win a star of fame
But gaining Sportamanship and Loyalty
The art of winning and losing fair the game.

G.W.





Athletic Association

Officers

THOMAS O'NEILL	<i>President</i>
GENE SLOWEY	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGARET CATHCART	<i>Secretary</i>
RAYMOND BECKER	<i>Treasurer</i>
PAUL H. HARTMAN	<i>Athletic Director</i>

Football, 1928

Schedule of Games Played

October 7—Middlebury at Middlebury, Vt.
October 13—Vermont at Plattsburgh.
October 20—Clarkson at Plattsburgh.
November 3—Union at Schenectady.

The Team

George Gallant, <i>Captain</i>	Raymond Becker, <i>Assistant Manager</i>
Joseph F. Donovan, <i>Manager</i>	Paul H. Hartman, <i>Coach</i>

Letter Members

Guy Beaubriand, '29	Raymond Light, '30
Robert Carpenter, '29	Archie Marino, '30
Joseph Donovan, '29	Harold Ryan, '30
George Gallant, '29	Raymond Brown, '31
Thomas O'Neill, '29	Lester Coopey, '31
Earl Walrath, '29	Amos Mousaw, '31
Samuel Dennison, '30	Lawrence Thornton, '31
Donald Downs, '30	Joseph Tierney, '31
Harold Lenaghan, '30	John Gadway, '32



Season of 1928

A disinterested stranger, unfamiliar with the conditions at Plattsburgh Normal, might brand the season of 1928 as an unsuccessful one, but to one able to recognize the difficulties which we had to encounter, the battles we put up could not but be appreciated.

A schedule of four games, two at home and two on foreign gridirons, was arranged by the manager of the team. This was the first season since football was inaugurated at the Normal two years ago that home games have been arranged.

As a nucleus for this year's team, we had several veterans from last year. These included Captain Gallant, a tackle on P. S. N. S. teams for the past two years; Carpenter and Beanbriand, veteran guards for the past two years; Walrath, who had some experience at center last year; Marino and Lenaghen, substitute linemen of last year; as well as "Pup" Ryan, Tom O'Neill and Sam Dennison, backfield men on the 1927 team. Among the other candidates reporting for practice at the beginning of the season were Amos Mousaw, a four-letter man from Canton High School; Larry Thornton, a former Plattsburgh High star; Joe Tierney, veteran quarterback at St. John's; Gadway, an inexperienced man who developed into a good tackle; Joe Trombley, Downs, Saunders, Coopey, Mooney, Hansen and Coste.

However, all did not go as well as desired with the team. Other outside activities and parental objection to the playing of football proved disastrous to the squad. Nothing can be more heart-breaking to a conscientious coach than to have but half of the members of a squad reporting for practice, yet this is what happened on our own campus more than once.

However, some men showed up regularly and worked hard at every practice session and, although all of these were not stars, they deserve as much credit as though they had brought home gigantic rewards to their Alma Mater.

All our hard luck, however, was not due to improper attitudes. Joe Trombley, who had shown wonderful improvement over last year, was injured in the first scrimmage and lost for the rest of the year. Hansen was also injured while a number of other candidates had to drop football in order to work. At times it was doubtful if the schedule could be played through. However, untiring work on the part of those who were able and willing to cooperate allowed us to play the season out.

The season opened on October 7 when we journeyed to Middlebury to meet their Freshman team. We were opposed by a much heavier and more experienced team. Despite this and the fact that some of our men were playing their first game of football, the team as a whole did well. The game also gave Coach Hartman an opportunity to observe the weak points of the team and to stress these in practice during the next week. Thornton was injured in the knee during the first quarter but, while he was in the game, the smiling full-back gave a wonderful exhibition of grit and determination. Lenaghen and Gadway, the latter playing his first game of football, also showed up well in this game.

Our second game was played on the local high school field on October 13. A fair-sized crowd attended the game which was played against the Vermont Freshmen. Normal held this team to the same score as our team did at Burlington last year.

The third game of the season was also played at home with Clarkson Tech as our opponent. During the first half, Clarkson was held to one touchdown which they scored in the first five minutes of play. Clarkson was unable to gain sufficiently to score a touchdown during the second and third quarters. However, Thornton was injured during the third quarter, this time being knocked unconscious by a kick in the head from an opposing player. Until he was injured, "Larry" had been in there fighting with every ounce of his energy and pep and aggressiveness. This did much to keep the team together. After his injury, the team seemed to lose hope and confidence and the "Engineers" from Clarkson managed to make two more touchdowns, thus defeating us by a score of 18 to 0.

The greatest game from every point of view that a Plattsburgh Normal team ever played was that at Schenectady on November 3, when we were opposed by Union Frosh. The team arrived in Schenectady on Friday night in order to be fresh for the game which was to begin at 12.30 the next day, being a preliminary to the Union-Williams game.

Union kicked off and Normal received the ball and began a steady march down the field. By a series of line plunges and short passes, Normal marched up to the three-yard line when we were penalized fifteen yards. We then lost the ball on downs, but the Crimson and Silver pigsters recovered the ball just before the quarter ended.

During the second quarter, Union scored a safety when Mousaw was downed behind the line. With the aid of substantial penalties, Union then proceeded to make their first touchdown. Our defense weakened somewhat but it forced the Union men to work hard for those six points and blocked their attempt to make the extra point. In the latter part of this quarter, Union tried a long pass which was intercepted by Tierney, the sturdy little quarterback, who raced sixty yards through the Union team to score a touchdown for Normal. Mousaw kicked the goal.

The superior weight and greater experience of the Union team enabled them to go through the Normal defense for a second touchdown in the last quarter. Despite the fact that we were defeated 14 to 7, it was the greatest game a Normal football team ever played and was a moral victory for our grid-men. When one realizes that we were outweighed twenty-five pounds to the man, and when one remembers that the Schenectady papers stated, "Union's frosh team is stronger than their varsity and should have little trouble in gaining a 50 to 0 victory," some idea of the battle we fought may be realized.

The Normal athletes were guests at the Union-Williams game and remained over night in fraternity houses. This, our last game of the season, was a fitting climax.

Too much appreciation of Mr. Hartman's work as coach cannot be given. Struggling against handicaps which would mean total discouragement to most coaches, he managed to keep the team together and it was his work which was responsible for the constant improvement in the playing of the team throughout the season.

The Team

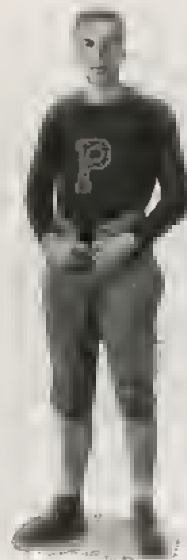
The Coach

Coach Hartman came to Plattsburgh as a member of the Normal faculty in the fall of 1926, the same year in which the present Senior class entered Normal. During these three years Mr. Hartman has given his untiring efforts for the good of athletics at Plattsburgh Normal. His broad experience, not only in athletics but in other lines, has given him the ability to handle men which is one of the most important qualifications of any coach, whose duty is not only to turn out star athletes but also to aid in developing the character of the individuals who are under his charge. Coach Hartman has been an influence for the good of all young men and women who have worked or played under his careful guidance and the benefit of his wisdom will undoubtedly aid them in their future careers.



The Captain

Captain Gallant, tackle on this year's team, is a veteran of two years' playing at P. S. N. S. The Crimson and Silver captain, like many other Normal athletes, began his athletic career at Mount Assumption Institute in this city. Gallant was one of the heaviest men on the team and he put forth his best efforts for his Alma Mater at all times. He played throughout every game of the season and it was never necessary to send in a substitute for him. He was a capable leader and the members of the squad realized his efficiency.





Most Valuable Player

Amos Mousaw, judged the most valuable member of the team, although a Freshman has had a wide range of experience in high school athletics having played football, baseball, basketball and hockey at Canton High School. He was also a member of the track team. Mousaw, although one of the smallest men on the team, gained consistently more territory than any other member. He was also in excellent physical condition at all times which added to his value as a player. The cup awarded to Mousaw as a reward for his being the most valuable player was donated by Spearman Bros. who have always manifested a deep interest in the activities of the Normal. Three competent judges were appointed and they decided unanimously in favor of Mousaw.

Guy Beaubriand has played on the Normal team since he first entered Normal. Although his position at guard gave no chance for grandstand playing, the spectators and players were always aware of the fact that "Beau" was fighting for all he was worth.

Bob Carpenter, the other guard, is also a veteran player. His work was always of the best. An injury which he received in mid-season was greatly felt by the team.

Earl Walrath played center in every game. Walrath played at that position last year, alternating with the regular center. His accuracy in passing the ball from center was greatly appreciated by the backfield.

Joe Tierney, a new man on the team but not a new man to the game, played the difficult position of quarterback. His work was of great value to the team for it would have been difficult to find a man who could have taken his place.

Ray Light and Harold Lenaghen, ends, were both new varsity men, although Lenaghen has had some previous experience. Both of these men played well, Lenaghen's work being especially good in the Middlebury and Union games.

Plattsburgh fans were glad to see Larry Thornton again don the mole-skins for he was a former P. H. S. star, being a member of the state championship team of 1922. Thornton played a fine backfield game for P. S. N. S. and his ability to instill confidence in his team mates did much to keep up the morale of the team.

"Pup" Ryan displayed wonderful fighting ability, covered ground quickly, tackled well and was a good punter.

Tom O'Neill, although forced out of the game by sickness during the major part of the season, stayed with the squad when his help was needed. While he was in the game, he fought hard, even though he was in no condition to be in school, and in less condition to play football.

Gadway, a new man, developed into an excellent tackle. He was one of the heaviest men on the team and his work did much to keep down the opponent's score.

Archie Marino was laid up with an injury during much of the season but he played a good game in the line.

Downs substituted at the guard position and worked well when given the opportunity to display his ability.

Brown and Coopey were also used in several games, the latter in the back-field and the former in the line.





Outdoor Club

Officers

CATRYNIA COLUMBE . . . <i>President</i>	ELEANOR HART <i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
GENE SLOWEY . . . <i>Vice-President</i>	MISS GOODRIDGE <i>Supervisor</i>

In September, 1928, many new members were enrolled in the Outdoor Club. These new members included a number of Freshmen as well as some upperclassmen who had not been members the previous year.

A Poke-O-Moonshine trip in the early fall introduced the activities of the Outdoor Club for the year 1928-1929. On a bright Saturday morning at ten o'clock, the members, chaperoned by Mrs. Alexander, met at the school building. A truck transported the enthusiastic and happy climbers to the foot of the mountain. The climbers began the ascent at a good pace; however, since many of the members were inexperienced hikers, the pace soon decreased. The party enjoyed a lunch halfway up the mountain and after a short rest, resumed the climb. The descent was made in a much shorter time. The group arrived in Plattsburgh about five o'clock.

With Miss Goodridge's aid, several members of the organization have been busy working out a new hiking project for the remaining school term. We intend to achieve this year, if possible, the principal aim of the Outdoor Club: "To teach its members a true and lasting love of the out-of-doors."

One hundred sixty-eight



To write, ah! what a task it is to write
But a record duly kept along the way
Will bring us pleasure, smiles, perhaps a tear
Looking back upon some future day.

G.W.

Two Roads

(First Prize Story)

The harbor lay calm and peaceful in the late afternoon sunlight, its waters as smooth and unruffled as a lady's mirror and just about as deceiving. A sea gull circled high above, uttering his plaintive call. Now winging in over the sleepy little town by the water's edge, now drifting out over the sea, that roadway of the world's commerce. A roadway which passed by all the continents of the earth; a roadway of power, achievement, freedom and adventure, fringed with mystery. A monstrous thing, the sea, soft and yielding at times, then grim and horrible. An enemy to many and friend to a few.

The *Molly B* lay anchored a cable's length from shore. Her three tall masts outlined against the rose-tinged sky; her polished brass rail shining in the glow of the declining sun; her decks scrubbed as clean as soap, water and elbow grease could make them. Captain Larsen rose from his desk within the cabin speaking quietly but convincingly to the dark, sullen-faced young man before him.

"You must understand, Varn, that you will be simply one of the crew. There will be no favors conferred upon you. The fact that I knew your mother before you were born, that I held you on my knee and told you stories when you were a tiny shaver, will make no difference with your duties here. You have led a wild and reckless life. In spite of all your mother and I have tried to do for you, in spite of all we have said to you, you have gone your way. You refused to go to school, you ran with a low wild crowd, you gambled and drank. You have brought shame and disgrace upon your mother—your mother who worships her two boys. Derek has been and is a comfort to her, but you, sir, what do you do? Get arrested for stealing. That was the last straw."

The old man paused for breath and the younger man looked up.

"Now, Cap, I told you that I didn't—"

"Oh! I know you said you didn't actually take the stuff but you were with the gang that did. What's the difference? Now, you say you want to sail with me tomorrow. I'll take you but you'll have to work. No loafing, sir, I'm captain. You'll take orders from me and obey them with no back talk. Do you understand?"

The young man nodded and the Captain continued:

"Go ashore now, my boy, and take my advice. Stay in with your mother tonight. It may be many a day before you see her again, besides, home is the best place to stay out of mischief. My girl will, no doubt, be over to say good-by."

"Thanks, sir. Perhaps I'll do as you say. I may as well start getting used to obeying orders. If Miss Nancy is coming over I'll surely stay in. So long Cap'n."

With one stride he was through the door, two more and he was stepping over the rail into his boat, which he rowed rapidly toward shore. Captain Larsen with his hand to his forehead watched him as he neared the land and mused to himself.

"Funny how nature gets things twisted. Twins as unlike as black from white. Derek is ambitious, steady and reliable, gentle and refined like his mother. Varn, wild, restless and adventure-seeking. The sea will tame him as she did his father."

True to his promise, Varn went directly to his mother's cottage on a little knoll at the outskirts of the village. Margarete Arnold was proud of her little white house covered with climbing roses, of her garden always blooming with flowers, of the white picket fence around it and the tiny arched gate. They were kept in a state of perfect repair by Derek, who worked from early until late that he might go to college, at the same time striving manfully to make up to his mother for the heartaches and disappointments caused by the wildness of his brother.

As Varn pushed open the kitchen door and stepped inside, his mother was setting the table for supper. Derek sat by the fireplace as usual poring over his books.

"Why, Varn," exclaimed Mrs. Arnold with a smile, "You're home early. Did you and the Captain get all settled for your first voyage?"

"Well we got a few things settled. One is that I've got to walk the chalk-line for fair. He everlastingly gave me a calling down, Ma. Guess all my fun is over but just wait, I'll get some excitement out of that solemn-eyed crew of his. Leave it to me. Well, when do we eat?"

"Right away, dear. Come Derek, put up your books and come to supper. I do wish, Varn, you had kept on in school and were going to college with Derek this fall."

"College? I should say not. I've had enough of books and I'd die if I stuck around with 'em the way Derek here does."

The brothers were as unlike in appearance as they were in disposition. Varn, fully six feet tall, strong and muscular, with straight, glossy, black hair, snapping black eyes and pure white, even teeth. His olive skin and finely modeled features harking back to his Spanish ancestors. Derek, on the other hand, was as fair as his brother was dark. Not quite as tall nor quite as muscular, with blond curly hair, blue eyes and fair skin. The mother often playfully called them Topsy and Eva.

Supper was barely over when the door opened and a fair young girl stood smiling in the doorway. Her delicate oval face, with its laughing blue eyes, was framed with a wealth of long golden curls.

"Hello, Nan," exclaimed both boys in unison as they bounded to meet her. "Come on in and have supper."

"No thank you, boys. I have just finished supper. Dad is coming over later to bid you good-by, Mrs. Arnold. He is down talking to his men just now."

The evening passed quickly, all too quickly for the young folks. There was much laughter, good-natured bantering, and when the Captain came, story telling. When Nancy went home it was Varn who went with her. A full moon was shining over the harbor where full in its path lay the *Molly B* at anchor. As the two young people reached Captain Larsen's gate the boy spoke.

"Tomorrow night at this time I shall be far out at sea."

"Oh, Varn! I shall miss you so. It is bad enough to have Daddy gone. Now you are going, too, and Derek will be away at college. I'll die of lonesomeness."

"No you won't, Nan. There is mother. You are going to live with her while we're away. I'll think of you every night, Nan, and no matter how bad I am, or what may happen, remember that I love you."

"Oh Varn! I love you too. Why don't you stay at home? We can be married and everything will be so jolly. You're not really bad, Varn, and I'm sure we would be happy."

"It wouldn't do, sweetheart. I might go straight for a while but it would get me again, the old craze for excitement, for adventure. No, I won't marry you, dear, and run the risk of spoiling your happiness. I may be a villain but I haven't gone that low. You'll soon forget me, Nan, and marry some fine fellow. You're little more than a child anyway."

"Indeed, sir! I'm sixteen and you're only four years older. I think I hate you." Then the young lady, highly indignant, turned toward the house. With a bound Varn had her in his arms and was kissing her.

"Nan, Nan! You mustn't leave me like this. I may never come back. Ships don't sometimes."

"Oh Varn. Good-by." Flinging both arms around his neck, Nan kissed him and was gone. A chum and playmate of the boys through childhood and school, Nancy, like the mother, had always loved wild, reckless Varn better than his brother. How often this is the case. We give our deepest affections to those who deserve them the least. Perhaps it is because they need them the most.

Dawn found a tall, fair young man and two women watching with straining eyes the speck that was the *Molly B* until she finally dipped from sight; until there was only the cold grey of the ocean with waves and little white caps which came in before the rising wind.

Nancy went to live with Mrs. Arnold while Derek went to college. Four years of college seem endless when one is starting, but as time goes on the days go faster and faster, until graduation looms up just ahead. Then you suddenly wonder if, like Rip Van Winkle, you have been asleep and dreamed it all.

To Derek, college was one of those dreams which do come true. He worked summer and winter to put himself through, proving to be so successful in his studies that at graduation he was asked to stay as an instructor in mathematics. He did stay and at the end of two years received his degree. Now

all this time what about the *Molly B*? No word had been heard of her, even though the three-year voyage had lengthened into six. However, the lone white gull might have told of a water-soaked plank which he had perched on, far to the south, on which if he had been able to read, he might have noted the name on its upturned surface, the *Molly B*. However, this child of the sea could not read, nor tell of the plank lodged among the rocks on a deserted shore. So no one knew.

This, then, is the road which leads to the depths, and he who travels it shall bring unhappiness, pain and bitter loss upon himself and his friends.

Nancy, now a little taller, and often a little sadder, still lived with Mrs. Arnold. She had sold her father's house to contractors who were clearing the way for a larger building. The little town was growing. Industries were springing up. Houses were being built and families were moving in to fill the houses. Wharves extended along the water front where the little harbor, once so quiet and peaceful, the sole berth for the *Molly B*, became the anchoring place of a score or more of merchants' vessels and pleasure boats.

After winning his degree, Derek came home to live with his mother and Nancy, who still dwelt in the beloved little white house with the picket fence and arched gate. He was given a position in one of the growing factory offices where he had been so successful that now he was next in line for the manager-ship of the whole plant.

Nancy had long given up Varn for lost. Having loved Derek since she was a child, she now realized that her affection for him was far more than that of a sister for her brother. However, he treated her as casually as ever, never by look or action leading her to believe he cared for her. Suddenly, the idea came to her. Why not ask him to marry her! It was leap year anyway. Blushing with the thought she resolved to try it, and immediately after supper she asked Derek to walk down to the wharf. They had done this often, so he thought nothing of it. They sat for some time in silence, Nan racking her brains for the right words, unable to decide. Should she say first:

"I love you Derek?" or "I'm thinking of getting married?"

No, neither would do. She would better say, "Derek, I've been thinking for some time that inasmuch as we both have"

"Nancy."

The girl jumped nervously, nearly falling into the water.

"What is it, Derek?"

"When shall we get married?"

"Married? Why Derek!"

"Of course. I thought you understood. From our childhood you have been the only girl that I ever cared about, and though there was Varn, I always thought of you as my girl. Could you learn to care for me?"

"No."

"Nancy, do you mean that?"

"Yes, and can't you guess why, stupid? I can't because I already have learned ages ago."

The moon went under a cloud just then. Wise moon. Thus you see, how it came about that leap year was cheated of another victim. The little white house with the picket fence now became the scene of much hurrying and confusion, clipped flowers, spicy odors and happy hearts.

A year later two important events happened. Derek became manager of the factory and young Master David was born. This is the road which leads to the heights, and he who follows it shall find happiness, contentment and peace.

The sun went on in its daily journey. Dawn blossomed into day, and soon slipped away into night again. The weeks grew into months until another year had rolled around, and then, just as the sun was sinking in the west one afternoon, full in its path of crimson and gold, with billowing sails, the *Molly B* came home.

Great was the rejoicing. Many and eager were the hands which escorted the white-haired old Captain up the street to the Arnold home.

"Well, Margarete," he exclaimed to that amazed lady.

"Here I be, at last, and I've brought you a son that you can be proud of. He'll be here as soon as he can tear himself away from the crowd. That boy gave me the surprise of my life, Margarete."

That good lady was bustling about setting out doughnuts, pie, cake, and, in fact, everything in the line of food which she had handy.

"Avast there, woman, and sit down and talk. You'll have this old ship swamped if you keep on loading me with goodies. My, this sour cream pie just hits the spot. Eh! What's this?"

Little Davie, hitherto unseen by the Captain, had dropped his toys in the corner where he had been playing. Now he came around by his grandfather's chair, his golden curls tousled and his blue eyes filled with childish curiosity.

"This," explained Mrs. Arnold as she laughingly hugged the little boy and gave him a cookie, "is Nancy's and Derek's boy, who is your grandson and mine."

"Bless my stars," exclaimed the Captain.

"Reminds me of thirty years ago when I came home from sea and found my best girl had married Varno Arnold, a Spanish sea Capt'n. Well, well, every dog has his day and I've had mine. You do make dandy cake, Margarete."

"Have another piece, Hansen."

"Don't care if I do. Do you know, Margarete that losing my girl this time doesn't hurt me at all the way it did the first time. I was sure hard hit. By the way, I've got an idea. Got it when the *Molly B* was lost and we drifted onto a South Sea island. Lived there for three years and I couldn't get rid of that idea. I'm getting too old to go to sea. Needs someone young and strong like Varn. He's Capt'n of my schooner now. We owe our lives to him. He fixed up the *Molly* and brought us back safe. All we lost was a lifeboat which drifted away at night. He's capable, very capable Varn is."

"But your idea, Hansen."

"Bless my soul. I most forgot it. Margarete, I believe I'm bashful after all these years. No fool like an old one you know. Well, I might as well get it over. What do you say if we pilot our ship together for the rest of the voyage?"

"Why Hansen. Do you mean—? Why, I've been waiting ten years for you to say that."

"You don't say. Come here, Davie, and sit on your old grandpa's knee while he tells you a secret. Your graddad is an old fool. Don't grin, Davie, it's no joke. Here he's wasted ten years, ten whole years, but he's going to make up for it now. Yes, sir. Your old graddad is going to get hitched up with your grandma. Hello, here's the boys with Nancy."

The little white house was not lonesome now. For many a day it echoed with joyous laughter. Once again it was the scene of a merry wedding. Then came the day when Varn put to sea once more.

"I cannot help it," he said to the family as he was leaving.

"It calls me and I must go. I am not happy away from it. You have all found your kingdoms. Derek and Nancy, Mom and even the Captain. I am still searching. You took the high road, Derek, and it has brought you to this. I chose the low one and it led me into deep waters. In spite of it all, I would not exchange the sea for your kingdom. I love the mystery and danger of far places, I love the roar of the sea and the tempest, the whistle of the wind in the sails, and the feel of the wheel in my hands. I love the stars at night and the glare of the mid-day sun."

"That ship on the mantel," he pointed to a model, perfect in every detail, of a trim little vessel, which he had given to Nancy, "that ship has a story and when I come back Davie will be old enough to understand. I shall then tell the story of where it came from and how I got it. Good-by."

He was gone! As he walked along, people turned to look at the tall, broad-shouldered seaman, for he was singing and the words that he sang were these:

Oh! there are two roads, one high, one low
And we each must choose our own you know.

One's trod by shame, the other by strife
And as we choose so is our life.

The end

GRACE WARNER.

"Shrimps"

(*Second Prize Story*)

Perhaps if she had been christened Diana, or even something short and snappy, she might have had the bold front of the modern girl. However, what could you expect from "Clorinda" but gentleness and timidity?

She was eighteen, tall and straight, with a face that made you think of a morning in May. Although she calmly faced the world, to all appearance the typical girl of today, at heart she belonged to the time when women were sheltered creatures, encouraged to cling. She should have worn hoops: ringlets would have well become her frail, almost pathetic beauty, for this Clorinda was terribly afraid of many things, most of all afraid that some one might know of her fears.

She did so envy other girls who, at night, after brushing their hair and their teeth, hopped into bed without a thought. She, poor child, had to look under the bed, open the wardrobe and shake all the dresses, in case by any chance a burglar lurked among their delicate folds. A sound in the night would send her quaking under the covers. She never glanced at reports of murders and burglaries in the newspapers because she knew that every detail would haunt her.

Clorinda Field never spoke of her fears, for she was the youngest of a large family. She loved books and flowers. Most of all she loved to be with her great friend Irene Cameron. The Camerons lived about five miles from the Fields, in Buckingham, in a white-washed house standing on the banks of the Gatineau. Twenty-six, a slim young lassie with crisp black hair brushed back from a broad, low forehead, a delicious freckled nose with an eager tilt, and clear grey eyes, Irene Cameron was the type of modern girl that does everything and does it well. She could ride a horse, sail a boat, drive a car; she excelled in all games; she could amuse men young and old; she was charming with old ladies, a good comrade to other girls, although she was at her delightful best with children.

Clorinda admired this friend. Irene, having a real affection for Clorinda, for she was glad to have her as often as she cared to come, realized that the weight of an elder sister lay heavily upon the child. There seemed always to be something amusing going on in Buckingham—tennis, picnics, parties in the woods, dinners with dancing afterwards.

One day a party had been invited for tennis, but at tea time the rain came, stopping all thought of further play.

Clorinda was feeling particularly happy and gay that afternoon. She was sitting beside a young man with whom she felt very much at home, although she had met him only half-a-dozen times: he was so easy to talk to while he

looked at her with such kind eyes. A cousin of Irene, Ralph Miner was thirty years of age. He lived in a glen some miles farther up the Gatineau, a place to which he had just returned after years spent in the army.

They were having a most interesting talk about how the old house might be made more comfortable without spoiling it, when they were interrupted by the groans all 'round them about the weather.

"I suppose we ought to go home," Clorinda said rather bleakly, gazing out at the relentless downpour.

"Oh, no, don't go home," Irene cried. "Let's play a game. How many are there of us? Ten. We could play 'Shrimps.' The babes would like that, wouldn't you, blessings?"

"The babes" were two small fair-haired boys, Andrew and John, Irene's nephews, who had been allowed down to dining-room tea.

"What is—or—are 'Shrimps?'" someone asked, as they trooped out of the dining room.

"Oh, don't you know? It's like Hide-and-Seek, only different."

Irene perched herself on the seat of the wide window that lighted the pleasant hall. The latter was carpeted in faded green and contained little except a deep oak chest and a half-circular table, on which stood a bowl of roses.

"I do like this house," Clorinda said to Ralph Miner. "It's so really country, not in the least grand or dressed up, but fresh, like scrubbed wood."

"Jolly," said Ralph, "and have you noticed what a surprised look the front of the house has? The high gables are like raised eyebrows."

"I know," Clorinda nodded. "It's like someone looking at you over the flame of a candle. Don't you like a white-washed house among pine trees? I just love the steps from the front door up to the hall, and the Gatineau slipping past, and everything. The place feels fairy-haunted."

"Now listen everybody—" it was Irene's high clear voice. "One goes and hides, while the rest of us remain here for two minutes; then we all go and search. The rule of the game is that when you find the hider you say nothing, but quietly sit down beside him—or her—and so long as you haven't found you cry back; then gradually the voices die away as one after another finds until one wanders alone . . . !"

"Have I got it right?" Ralph asked. "The rule of the game is that when you find the hider you say nothing, but quietly sit down beside him—or her. It strikes me that there's something very ladylike and refined about this game!"

Irene jumped from the window seat, saying regretfully, "Of course the real fun is to play it in the woods at night, when, crying out among the trees alone, you suddenly stumble over a mass of humanity!"

As Clorinda looked quickly at Ralph, he saw a flicker of fear in her eyes. It was gone in a second and she was laughing.

"You can go anywhere," said Irene, "except in the servants' bedrooms. Come on, now!"

For an hour the house resounded with cries and laughter. Wardrobes were ransacked, neat beds demolished, boots and shoes scattered. Andrew and

John almost met their end in a cupboard beneath the stairs, when a bath and three hot-water cans, as well as a brisk young woman with stout legs descended upon them in one fell blow.

It was all too soon over, and the company separated, vowing that they had never before so enjoyed a wet afternoon.

That was in early August. As the days passed the friendship between Ralph Miner and Clorinda strengthened, so that the girl hated the approaching time when she must leave Buckingham for Montreal.

One afternoon in late September when she was having tea with Irene in her own little sanctum, Ralph Miner dropped in, as he often did.

"Another week," said Irene, "and we depart for Montreal. When do you leave, Clo?"

"Not till the beginning of November. How horrid to be here without you!"

"Oh, I'm coming back," said Irene. "I'm coming back here for a week, to do nothing but paint trees from morning till night."

"But won't the servants be gone?"

"Yes, of course. I'm going to sit in the kitchen with a rug and a lamp and a good fire."

"All alone?"

Irene laughed at the horror in Clorinda's tone. "Well, as a matter of fact I'm going to have another girl with me, Audrey Houston, who was in college with me. However, I shouldn't mind being alone, would you?"

Clorinda pulled herself together. "Oh, I don't know that I should, although I can't tell till I've tried."

"Irene," said Ralph with cousinly candor, "you do think of the most idiotic things to do! What's the fun of staying in an empty house? Two girls alone—I don't like it at all."

Irene made a face and said, "Clo, why don't you come and stay with Audrey and me? You'd find heaps of things to do when we were painting. Oh do."

Clorinda's face flushed with pleasure. To be asked to stay with her admired Irene was indeed a compliment, yet dared she accept? Even with Irene and another girl the house would seem empty. However, because Ralph was watching her she held her head high and said with enthusiasm:

"I'd love it. May I really come? I'll wash the dishes and help to cook. What fun!"

"Mrs. Walker from the village will come in the morning in order to light the fire and tidy up, and I'll fry sausages for the breakfast. That's Wednesday, October 13. Is that all right for you?"

Clorinda, hesitating somewhat, finally acquiesced.

Afterwards she thought of little else except her visit to the glen. In the morning, she was full of pleasure at the idea, and very bold; at night, she was inclined to be thoughtful and slightly apprehensive. What bedroom would she have? If only Irene would give her the little dressing room next her own

instead of one of the big spare bedrooms. Irene was so brave herself it would never enter her head that she, Clorinda, was silly enough to be frightened.

The appointed day came. Directly after tea Clorinda was conveyed to the glen.

It was a chilly October evening, with dashes of rain and a wind in the trees.

The chauffeur put her modest case on the doorstep, and rang the bell. After an interval scampering feet were heard and Irene appeared, clad in a short skirt and leather jacket. "Here you are!" she cried. "I'm frightfully busy. Mrs. Walker has lighted the kitchen fire and I'm making beds. Audrey can't come till tomorrow. I'll show you your room, your bed's ready. Give me that case."

Irene ran upstairs first, to Clorinda's regret turning into the first bedroom at the top of the stairs, a large room looking out on the pine wood. Inside there was a four-poster bed hung with dark-blue curtains, a cavernous wardrobe, a dressing table, and much floor space covered with a Brussels carpet.

Irene pointed proudly to a bowl of daisies on the dressing table. "I put those there for you, just to make a finishing touch. I'm going to light a fire in your room later, if I have time. I must fly now, in case the kitchen fire's out. Come down when you're ready."

It was beginning to get dark. There was no light in the room except that which came through the big west-looking windows. Clorinda gazed out at the ragged grey clouds and the angry bars of orange. How dark the wood looked! She thought of the story in "Macbeth." What if this wood should creep up 'round the house . . . ?

She regarded the bed, thinking that it looked as if numbers of people had died in it. She took the things out of her case and laid them in the drawers. There was no water in the white-and-gold ewers; of course, she was to wash in the bathroom across the landing. She changed into a little frock, then went down the wide stairs, across the green-carpeted hall, opening the door that led down to the basement flat.

"You've changed!" was Irene's greeting.

"Yes! changed, but not dressed."

"And what are all these places?" Clorinda asked, peering out through a number of half-open doors.

"Oh, the laundry, and different places," Irene said carelessly, choosing a lamp with a red shade from a table that was covered with every variety of paraffin lamp. "I believe I'll light two—it's a poor heart that never rejoices."

"That's your arm chair on the other side of the fire," said Irene. "It looks cosy, doesn't it?"

On a scrubbed whitewood table which occupied the center of the floor stood a wooden platter filled with apples and grapes. A small table in one of the windows held a jar of yellow chrysanthemums. There were books and painting materials on the dresser.

Clorinda curled herself up in her arm chair. It was so wonderful to have Irene to herself. What a duck she looked with her hair rumped, with her small, intent face, the queer, inquiring little nose, red from ministering to the fire! She pored over a cookery book laid open on the table. Presently Irene announced that she would cook kidneys and scrambled eggs for supper.

"Let me help," said Clorinda. Together they adjourned to the kitchen where Irene seemed amazingly at home.

"What d'you want to drink, Clo? Coffee—tea—cocoa? Lay the cloth, will you? It's in the drawer nearest the door. I'm not going to wash the dishes. I'll leave them for Mrs. Walker to do in the morning."

"How will she get in?" Clorinda asked.

"Oh she locked the back door and took the key with her. She's coming in at seven to light the fire and tidy up. Hope I'll waken in time to cook the breakfast. Now then, we're to eat all this between us. You hold the plates and I'll spoon it out, straight from the pan—that's the only way to get food really hot."

"But I can't eat all that," Clorinda protested.

"Of course you can."

After supper Irene made a sketch of Clorinda reading in her arm chair.

Suddenly Clorinda asked, "Is the front door locked?"

"No, wide open, I believe."

"Irene! Anyone may be in the house."

"Anyone," Irene agreed. She was sitting on the arm of her chair smoking a cigarette. "Did you ever hear of the tramp who came in last summer? Yes, he walked in at the front door, calmly mounted the stairs, and went into your bedroom"—Clorinda dropped her book with a start—"took off all his dirty clothes, laid them neatly on a chair, helped himself to a suit in the wardrobe, and walked out again. Wasn't he a nice tidy tramp?"

"My room!" gasped Clorinda, shivering.

"Are you scared, poor pet? I'll run up now to lock the door, though I expect it's too late—already there may be a dozen burglars lurking!" She came back whistling gaily, surveying her friend with an impish smile.

"You aren't frightened, really?" Irene asked quickly.

"Not with you. You're a tower of strength."

"Of course I am, though Ralph Miner doesn't believe it. He had the impertinence to warn me not to frighten you. He's a fussy fellow, poor old Ralph, though a good sort."

* * * * *

It was rather disconcerting to Clorinda to find, when they went to bed, that Irene was shut off from her by two doors and a long passage. "I needn't scream," she thought, "for no one could hear me." Then having looked in every possible and impossible place, she tried to put from her mind all thought of the intruding tramp who had changed his garments in the room. With a firm hand she pulled up the blinds, jumped into bed, and, snuggling her face in the pillow, fell asleep in the middle of her prayers.

It was glorious in the morning. She splashed in her cold bath, singing a loud, brave song to the gilded tree tops, dressed before a wide-open window, and ran, still singing, through the empty, sunny house, down the kitchen stairs to where Irene, with a grave flushed face, was wrestling with breakfast.

Clorinda had a delightfully busy morning, spent washing dishes and pans and hanging out dish cloths to dry in the sun. She managed to cook the luncheon very creditably. When everything was tidy again, she set off with a message about milk to the nearest farm. Although she had meant to go for a long walk, as she left the farm the rain came on, so she turned toward home. As she reached the gate she saw a man talking to Mrs. Walker. He had not the downcast, shamed look of a tramp, but seemed to belong to the open road—a juggler she thought he might be. He turned, as she entered the gate, giving her an appraising look. She quailed inwardly before the sly impudence in his face. He spoke to Mrs. Walker, "Good-day, then mistress," he said, walking jauntily away.

The woman stood looking after him for a minute. "Impident felley," she said. "He comes o'n nesty thievin, an' he's up to nae guid!" She broke off quickly. "An' hoo are ye gettin' on, miss?"

Clorinda assured her that they were faring sumptuously. Then she said, "You don't think, do you, that that man will come back?"

"Na, na," Mrs. Walker was loudly reassuring. "Never ye gie him anither thot. He's awa up the Gatno'; he'll no meddle ye. I'll tell Walker to keep a lookoot. I"

Clorinda thanked her. Just then Irene came in lugging her paraphernalia.

"I'm afraid the day's done," she said. "The wind's rising. Listen to that!" The Gatineau, which in the morning sunshine had been like a silver ribbon, now ran mountainously and darkly; the pine trees bent and bowed in the wind, sighing cerily.

"What a bore that I've to go and meet Audrey."

Clorinda looked thoughtful. "I'd forgotten that. When d'you start?"

"I'd better be away presently. The train's at 6.15. We'll come to the back door, it's nearer the garage; so when you hear a noise you'll know it's us."

"And if the front-door bell should ring?"

"Don't open it," advised Irene. "And don't forget to prepare some toasted cheese."

Irene set off in the wind and the rain for the station twelve miles away. When she reached it she found that the Montreal train had been late at the junction. Audrey could not arrive till the last train, which did not get in till half-past nine.

It was annoying, and Irene said so in no uncertain voice to her friend, Helen Cunningham, who had also come to meet the train.

"It isn't worth while going back to Buckingham," Helen pointed out. "Come home with me and have dinner. You'll be back in time to meet the 9.30."

"I don't know that I ought," said Irene doubtfully. "I've left Clorinda Field alone."

However, Helen's counsels prevailed, and Irene went back with her to dinner.

They were finishing dinner, when Helen's brother, Sandy, came in, accompanied by Ralph Miner.

"What a beastly night," the former said, shaking hands with Irene. "Better stay and have dinner here, Miner; you've a long drive before you."

"Oh thanks, but . . . , hullo, Irene, I thought you were at Buckingham."

"So I am," said Irene. "I came down to meet Audrey Houston, found that she had missed the connection, and can't be here till the last train."

"And where is Clo—Miss Fields?"

"At Buckingham."

"Alone?"

"Yes." Irene moved uneasily. "Nothing could happen to her?"

Ralph's voice was very quiet. "You left—when? Five-thirty. She expected you back about seven. She doesn't know where you are."

"Well," said Irene, "there's no telephone, and, after all, it's only a few hours. Clo's a sensible person. She'll have had her supper and be settled down with a book."

"And you better settle down here and have your dinner," Sandy said to Ralph.

"No thanks," he replied. "I'm afraid I can't wait."

"Well, have a drink, anyway," Sandy urged hospitably, but Ralph was already leaving, murmuring excuses. A minute or two later he was in his car exceeding all speed limits as he sped along by the banks of the Gatineau to Buckingham.

* * * * *

When Irene set out for the station Clorinda locked the front and the back doors, then set herself to prepare a tempting supper. So absorbed was she in her work that it was half-past six almost at once, and she began to lay the cloth in a hurry.

A knock at the back door startled her, until she remembered that it would be Mrs. Walker. She went to let her in, but instead of rosy, comfortable Mrs. Walker, a stranger appeared, wrapped in a green plaid, explaining that Mr. and Mrs. Walker had been wired for that afternoon, to go to their daughter who was very sick. She had asked the caller, Mrs. Craig, to take her place.

"She tel't me I was to come in the nit and see aboot the fire."

The newcomer looked 'round her curiously. She came nearer Clorinda, who shrank away with a white, sick face. Oh, for cheerful reassuring Mrs. Walker. This woman with her long nose and pointed chin and wispy hair was like a witch.

"Mistress Walker tells me you young leddies are alone in this big hoose. Did ye happen to see a bit in the paper about a leddy that lived her lif with three cats? Ay, an' she dee'd sudden like, an' nae-beddy know. When they broke

in after a day or two they found"—she lowered her voice to a hoarse whisper—"they found that the cats had commenced for to eat her."

Clorinda shuddered. Mrs. Craig hastily gathered some dry sticks in a basket, then threw the plaid 'round her head and shoulders. "Well, I'll be aff, miss." And she vanished into the night.

It was strangely quiet now that Mrs. Craig had gone. What a witch-woman she looked, although she was reassuringly of this world.

Clorinda sat down in her own arm chair. Taking up a book, she tried resolutely to keep her mind on what she was reading.

The clock struck half-past seven. The train must have been very late. She got up and opened the oven door, moved the pans about, then went back to her book.

Eight o'clock! There must be something wrong; the train was never so late. Perhaps there had been an accident! A hundred possibilities flashed through her mind—the car was in the ditch—Irene was lying with a broken leg.

She pulled herself together. Somebody would be sure to pass and pick them up. Would they know where to take them? Meantime what could she do? The nearest telephone was at least two miles away. She was alone in the house, alone, probably, for the night.

What was that? Something had moved. A mouse ran from under the dresser across the floor. She watched it, fascinated. A harmless little mouse—yet it had shaken her nerves. Since the moment Irene had left her she had been, as it were, holding back with both hands a wall of fear, which now threatened to fall on her and crush her.

She was alone in the house . . . one little lighted room in an echoing house. Above, a shrouded drawing-room, a library where no one was reading, a dining-room with a gaunt table and chairs ranged stiffly round the walls, and the bedrooms—all empty, empty!

But were they empty? Irene had said it would be easy for anyone to come in by the window over the porch. Anyone—the juggler she had seen that afternoon, the man with the evil smile. He looked as lithe as a cat—it would be nothing for him to climb.

Her breath came in short, dry gasps; her eyes were fixed on the half-open door, fearfully expectant.

Then the bell rang!

The noise was shattering in the quiet kitchen. With a cry Clorinda sprang to her feet.

"I shan't open it," she said, not knowing that she spoke aloud. "I shan't open it, but he'll get in."

As she waited, staring at the door, there was a sound from outside that thrilled through her like an electric shock. She turned quickly to the window. She had hated, even when Irene was with her, those blank panes bare to the night. . . . A long spray of honeysuckle had been flung by the wind across the glass and was making a noise like scrabbling fingers. That must have been

what she had heard. A little warmth began to creep 'round her heart, when, suddenly, she saw against the pane a face—

It had come: the worst had come. She had no doubt that it was the juggler. Now that he had seen her—had seen that she was alone—he would come in by the porch, into the little fresh room they had made ready for Audrey, through the upstairs passages, down the stairs, across the wide, green-carpeted hall, down to the frightened girl in the kitchen. He wouldn't find her there. She would go outside. Outside she might hide. Fear was swallowed up in a vast determination. She slipped through the stone passages, unlocked the door with a hand that was almost steady, then passed out into the night. Blown by the wind, she ran stumblingly through the dark. "Oh yes," she thought, "outside was infinitely less frightening than a house; there was space and" Then she heard footsteps following her. It was no use, there was no one near to whom she could run for protection. With a little helpless moan she sank down on the wet moss beneath a shrubby bush.

The footsteps stopped. A voice that she knew well said in most matter-of-fact tones: "The rule of the game is that when you find the hider you say nothing but sit down quietly.—Why, Clorinda, my darling, it's—Oh, you poor child. . . ."

* * * * *

When Irene and her friend arrived home they were both inclined to be cross—Audrey, because she had waited two hours in a cold junction station without food or fire, Irene, because she had been distinctly worried about Clorinda.

It was somewhat aggravating to find the object of her solicitude, in a rose-colored frock, helping Ralph Miner to make scrambled eggs.

"Well, I must say," she began rather bitterly. "So this is why you left in such a hurry, Ralph, after staring at me as you did."

"Sit down, and have some supper," her cousin said kindly. "Miss Audrey must want it badly. In fact, nobody has eaten this evening except you, Irene."

"Why did you and Clo not have your supper?"

"We waited for you," said Clorinda demurely.

"Oh," said Irene. "Then, what have you been doing all the time?"

"We've been playing 'Shrimps'," Ralph told her.

"Idiot." Then she added, "Come, Audrey, and eat: you must be dying with hunger. . . . Clo, I never saw you look more blooming. Did you wash your hair to pass the time? It has a beautifully wavy, new-washed look—and you've changed your dress. . . . By the way, I suppose no one disturbed you?"

"Only Ralph," said Clorinda, looking half-shyly, half-impudently at that supremely happy, supremely satisfied young man.

"He would!" said Irene. "Where's that toasted cheese, Clo?"

ALFRED MILLET, '30.

One hundred eighty-four

For Mr. Diebolt

Do I believe in romance?
Well, yes, perhaps I do;
But there's two kinds of romance
I'll explain my kind to you.

I'm very sure that your kind
Is in books and picture shows;
Yes, "picking out a husband
For good looks and fancy clothes."

But my idea of romance
Is not that type at all;
It's walking in the woodland
'Mid its beauty in the fall.

There's romance in mid-winter
Braving icy winds that blow
O'er sleeping meadows to the pine trees
Laden down with crystal snow.

And there's romance in the Springtime
When all nature has rebirth
To watch birds and bees and flowers
And how they live on Mother Earth.

Oh! the sunsets and the moonlight!
The nighthawk's swooping cry;
The frogs' shrill piping chorus
And the flickering firefly.

All these are just a sample
Of romance with all its thrill
And I would not exchange it
For your Tom, Joe, John or Bill.

A husband! what's a husband
But a tyrant and a boss?
If I keep right on single
I won't know about my loss.

You can't meditate in silence
You can't even start downstreet
It's "Well, wife, where are going?"
Or, "Say, when do we eat?"

Yes, I think I've something better
Than if I a husband got:
For I've calm and peace and quiet
And I'm contented with my lot.

I believe in this type of romance
But in no other kind
And I'll go right on believing
'Til someone can change my mind.



How to Choose a Husband

Mr. Diebolt's Reply

"H'mn, Gee, you've got me cornered. This will be a very impromptu speech but if you'll give me a few minutes to jot down some notes I'll do my best. I suppose you'd also like to know how to keep him after you get him, eh?"

(After a few minutes)

"Well—er— with all due respect to my honorable colleague, perhaps the most important thing to think of is his pedigree just as a farmer always looks into the pedigree of his stock. One of the things to look for is his health, for health is one of the foundation stones of happiness. Perhaps the best one to judge his health is your own family physician. If he is the right type of man he won't object to this. Another thing to look for is, is he industrious? How many of his ancestors were statesmen, lawyers, doctors and members of prominent professions?"

"The second thing to look into is his character. Is he honest and is he loyal? Does he have that characteristic which you have just heard expressed right here, love, honor, and respect for his parents? Is he ambitious and striving to do the right thing? Whatever you do don't marry a man to reform him. If he hasn't enough respect and honor for you to reform before marriage he never will after marriage. Is he kind and tolerant? If he is tolerant, Miss Warner, there won't be any, 'Well, where are you going?' or 'Say, when do we eat?'"

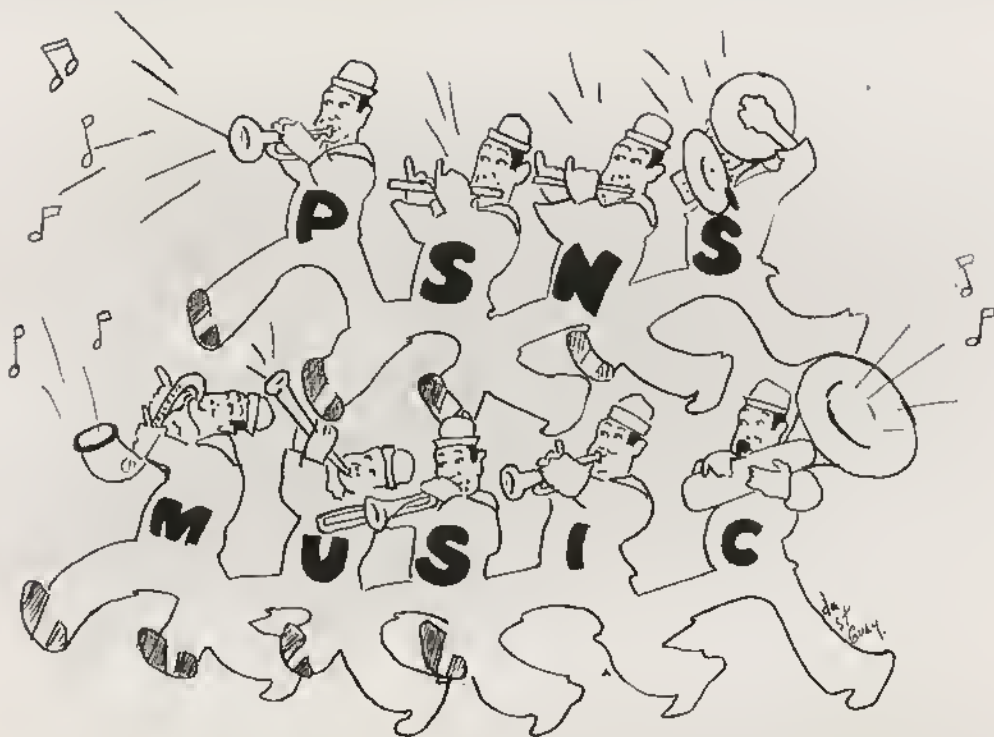
"Next is his personality. Of course there is a difference between character and personality. Personality is the habits of good character. You may be fooled by character during courtship days but you won't be fooled by personality. His personality will be expressed by his hopes and fears, his ideals and his manners. How many men do you see that take off their hats or rise while speaking to a lady?"

"Is his heart in the right place and is it well balanced with his head or reason? Marriage is wholly a give-and-take attitude. If you both want to get along you will, and if this is the spirit of the relationship there won't be any tyrant or boss. Of course it is hard to judge during courtship days. His attitudes and actions may be forced, but if he is not in the habit of following these ideals and attitudes you can easily detect it. During courtship days you are both dressed up in your finest feathers and you're careful not to be caught in the molting season. If you want marriage to last you must be as careful of your personal appearance after marriage as before. Don't think, 'Well, now I've got him, it doesn't matter.'"

"Make the house a home. All houses may be made homes and some homes may be mere houses. I think that before marriage each party should visit the home of the other's parents. Your home and his will be much like the homes of his parents and yours. If he quarrels with his family he will quarrel in his own home. If you do make a mistake and marry the wrong man, for goodness sake don't blame him because you did the picking.

"Now, instead of bringing romance down to the lower level among common things, why not lift it up above to this superior level, and I repeat, isn't it just as romantic to go in search for and perhaps find this higher ideal? It is better, far, far better to go through life alone than to marry and live unhappily."





An art in which the wise-excel
Serving to give us each a pair of wings
On which we rise from out the common place
And lift our souls above to higher things.
G.W.



Orchestra

Director

PROF. LYNDON R. STREET

Piano

MARGARET WEAVER

First Violins

DON ROBERTS
GEORGE TAYLOR

JOSEPH TROMBLY

ANN MULLHOLLAND
CELIA ZEPF

Second Violins

GLADYS CONKLIN

CLAUDE WOOD

Clarinets

MARJORY BROWN

RAYMOND BROWN

Saxophones

GUY BEAUBRIAND

ALWYN MOONEY

ROBERT FARNSWORTH

Trumpets

SAMUEL DENNISON

BRADFORD STERLING

Baritone

JOSEPH TETI

Bass Viol

JOHN RUSTERHOLTZ

Trombone

HAROLD RYAN

Cello

GEORGE GALLANT

Tuba

JOHN CADWAY

Drums

DONALD DOWNS



Senior Girls' Glee Club

Officers

MISS GRACE GARRISON	President
MISS MARY WHEELER	Vice-President
MISS HELEN FITZGERALD	Secretary
MISS ABBIE SHEA	Treasurer
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Director

PROF. LYNDON R. STREET

Accompanist

MISS MARGARET WEAVER

First Sopranos

Gertrude Baker	Mary DeVasto	Helen Fitzgerald
Gladys Conklin	Ann Dorfman	Grace Garrison
Bernadette Connell	Astrid Edwardson	Frances Mulvey
Agnes Connery	Lena Feldman	Gladys Nall
Vera Couture		Mary Nolan
Eleanor Cunningham		Winifred Purdy

Second Sopranos

Rita Aberle	Winifred Emnott	Catherine McGhan
Hazel Arksey	Lucy Fraher	Helen Rooney
Beatrice Baker	Lillian Heath	Alberta Todd
Margaret Bertrand	Eva Hinden	Mary Wheeler
Elizabeth Bradley		Priscilla Williams
Hilda Chase		Anna Worthington

Contraltos

Morene Babcock	Mae Heckert	Helen Sellstrom
Genevia Barney	Mary Macheski	Abbie Shea
Kathleen Bowen	Elizabeth Miller	Elizabeth Underwood
Agnes de St. Guay	Helen Nesbitt	Esther Weiner
Marguerite Fairbanks		Mildred Wilcox
Ruth Fenton		Celia Zepf



Junior Girls' Glee Club

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Director

PROF. LYNDON R. STREET

Accompanist

MISS MARGARET WEAVER

First Sopranos

Harriette Bailey
Rebecca Baker
Frances Bratt
Mildred Broderick
Catherine Brown
Hazel Burgess
Margaret Cathcart
Virginia Couchey
Edna Dennis

Margaret Devany
Claire Downs
Genevieve Dupras
Helen Florence
Florence Gonyea
Viola Hoyt
Mary Kelly
Marie Kinney

Katherine Mueller
Lucy North
Nina Roys
Dorothy Scharff
Marguerite Spellman
Muriel Thompson
Margaret Trautenberg
Annette Watson
Winifred Wright

Second Sopranos

Amy Alden
Edith Arnold
Corinne Barringer
Mae Bonesteel
Helen Bromley
Cecelia Chaszer
Hazel Coravan
Kathryn Dawes
Shirley Duquette

Genevieve Harvey
Mary Harvey
Sarah Hull
Lydia Kenniston
Anna LeVarn
Marie Lewis
Marion Lull
Catherine Mason

Katherine McCarthy
Magdalena Mykalosky
Rita Nye
Katherine Parnaby
Helen Plumley
Helen Scully
Constance Signor
Harriet Spaulding
Viola Wells

Contraltos

Ruth Armstrong
Irene Bruno
Estelle Carr
Adelle Fraser
Elsie Iacobucci

Mae Lifschitz
Edith Light
Rose Nye
Mary O'Connell

Mary Ryan
Marion Slezak
Marie Stiefvater
Alice Weldon
Doris Woodin

Music Program, 1928-29

MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 29—Clarita Sanchez, the Mexican Soprano.

TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 27—The Criterion Male Quartet of New York City. Mr. John Keating, Tenor, Mr. John Young, Tenor, Mr. George Reardon, Baritone, Mr. Frederic Thomas, Basso.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 5—Geraldine Farrar, Soprano. Given at the Strand Theater.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30—The Russian Cossack Chorus.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19—The Flonzaley Quartet.

Third Annual Music Week

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 6—Sylvia Lent, Violinist.

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 7—Local Artist Night, featuring the winning choirs of The Adirondack Music Festival.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 8—Clinton County Music Revue. (All schools of Clinton County represented.)

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 8—Lambert Murphy, Tenor, of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 9—Pirates of Penzance (Gilbert and Sullivan Opera.)

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 10—P. S. N. S. combined Junior and Senior Girls' Glee Clubs and Boys' and Girls' Band assisted by Prof. Lewis Bates Clark, Organist, and Miss Beulah Bolles, Soprano.

Gales of Laughter



And often, when our work is done
To drive fatigue and cares away
We have our jokes, moments of fun
To break the monotony of the day

"News Stand Group"

Country Gentleman	Norman Bragg
Music Master	Babe Farnsworth
True Stories	Polly Turner
Popular Mechanic	Bob Carpenter
Literary Digest	Mr. Noyes
Detective Stories	Mr. Thompson
Laughter	Sheard Parker
Vanity Fair	Joyce Cresswell
The Dance	Mae Brown and Pauline Hall
Droll Stories	Wyn Purdy
Physical Culture	Miss Goodridge
Strength	Bruce Deane
Who's Who in Football	Amos Mousaw
Success	Grace Garrison
Child Life	Ray Becker
Fashionable Dress	Esther Cushner
Vogue	Andy Broadwell
Agent and Salesman	Don Roberts
Cupid's Diary	Dot Mars
Woman's Home Companion	Larry Thornton
Cosmopolitan	Mrs. Underwood
College Humor	Tommy O'Neill
Saturday Evening Post	Mr. Clark

Sorority Repartee

Betty: My dear, do you file your finger nails?

Beth: Oh, no, dear child. I simply throw them away after I cut them.

Mr. Diebolt: Now, which of you students can tell me who it was that fed five thousand people on seven loaves of bread and—

Farnsworth (shouting from the rear of the room): Mickey Spearman.

Pat: Why are your socks on wrong side out, Sheard?

Sheard: My feet were hot and I turned the hose on them.

Don Roberts: Kin I cut your grass for a meal, mum?

Lady of the House: Yes, my poor man, but you needn't bother cutting it; you may eat it right off the ground.

Heard Between Bells

Kappa (on the telephone): Hello, is Boo there?

Clio: Boo, who?

Kappa: That's too bad, I didn't mean to make you cry.

Miss Goodridge: Have you done your outside reading?

Liz Anderson: No, it's been too cold.

Woman Customer (after Andy B. had pulled down blanket after blanket until there was only one left on the shelf): I really don't care to buy a blanket today. I was only looking for a friend.

Andy: If you think he's in the other one, madam, I'll gladly take it down for you.

Traffic Cop: Come on! What's the matter with you?

Frenchie: I'm well, thanks, but my engine is dead.

Bob: Why didn't you answer that letter I sent you in vacation?

Betty: I didn't get it.

Bob: You didn't get it?

Betty: No, and besides I didn't like some of the things you said.

Mr. Noyes: I told you yesterday I'd give you one day to hand in that term paper.

Sanders: Yes, but I thought I could pick any day.

Mr. Hartman: Spell ferment and give its definition.

Peg: F e r m e n t—to work.

Mr. Hartman: Now use it in a sentence so I may be sure you understand it.

Peg: In nice weather, I would rather play tennis out-of-doors than ferment in the schoolhouse.

Salesman: This is the type of car that pays for itself, sir.

Mr. Todd: Well, as soon as it has done that, you can have it delivered at my garage.

Don't worry if your job is small.

And your rewards are few;

Remember that the mighty oak.

Was once a nut like you.

Denicore: I should have more credit on that first question. I wrote six pages.

Mr. Diebolt: We don't weigh the papers.

Mr. Noyes: I think you would have passed this history if you had paid a little attention.

Dennicore: I paid as little attention as possible, I'm sure.

A Vegetarian's Love Letter

My Sweet Potato:

Do you carrot all for me? My heart beets for you. Where have you bean? My eyes are radish from weeping and my corn aches. If we cantaloupe, lettuce marry. Our onion will make us a happy pear, you little peach; you are the apple of my eye. I am plum crazy about you and have cabbaged enough berries for us to live on, even if I am a poor prune on a small celery.

If I don't turnip tonight, I will leave a message in the garden, so just cauliflower and she will give you my directions. Our secret must not leak out.

Lovingly, I remain,

TOM-ATO.

Francis: And why do you call me "Pilgrim"?

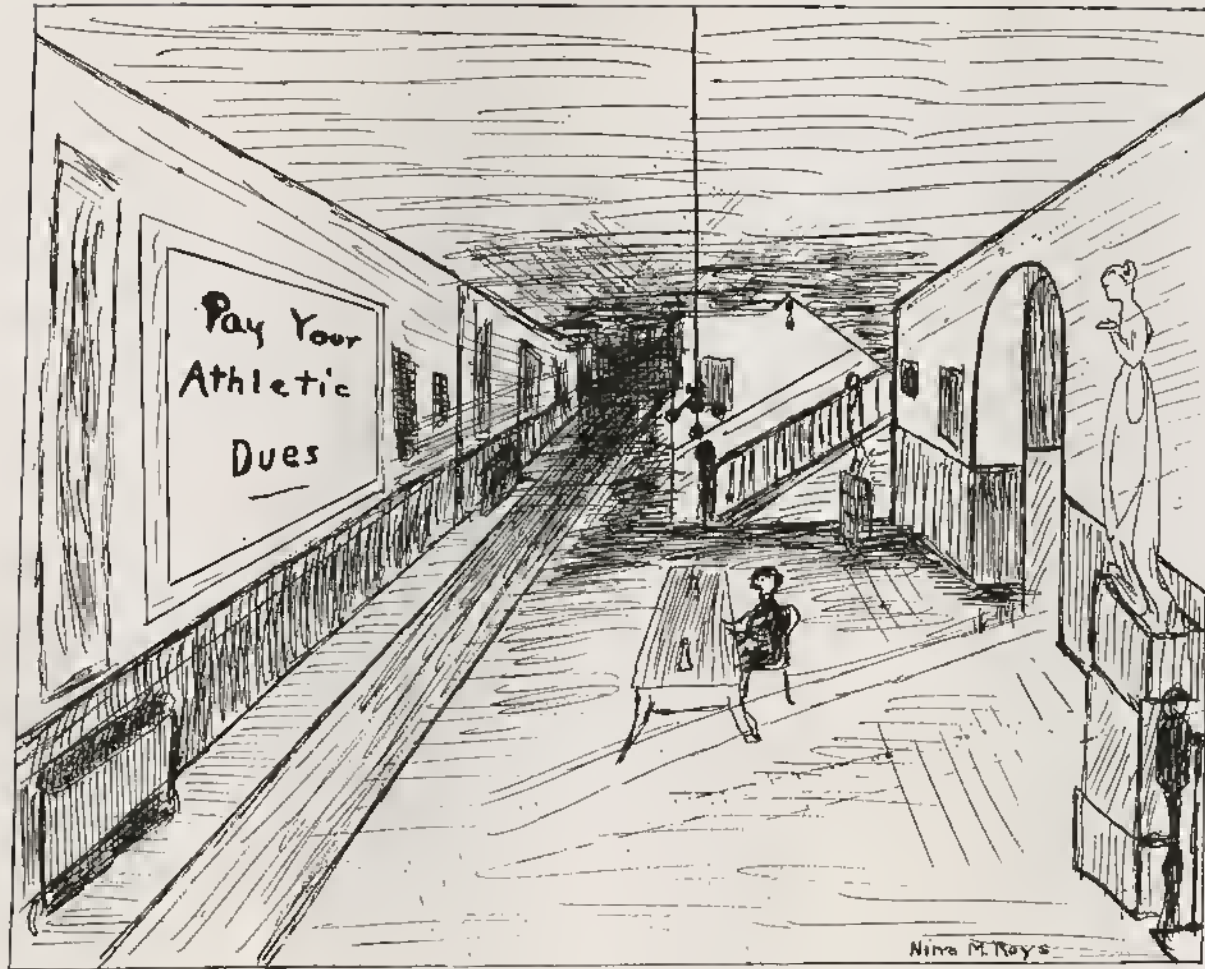
Beth: Well, every time you call I make a little progress.

Wife: I just bought a set of Shakespeare.

Hubby: How many times have I told you not to buy those foreign tires?

Irene: Dear, why don't you bring me nice presents like you did before we were married?

Ray: Did you ever see a fisherman feed bait to a fish after he caught it.



Was your old man in comfortable circumstances when he died, Mrs. Murphy?

No, Mrs. Flannigan, he was half-way under a train.

Mr. Wilkes: You say this is a good hair- tonic?

John Owens: Very fine; we have a customer who took the cork out of the bottle with his teeth, and next day he had a moustache!

Kappa: Are you rushing some good prospects for the fraternity?

Delta: I should say so! Two fur coats, one Cadillac, and three beautiful sisters.

WANTED—A day-bed, to be installed in Council Room. Commercial Seniors, Section B.

WANTED—Immediately! Someone to tutor me for exams. Urgent!—Herbert Drumm.

Women and Electricity

When a woman is sulky and will not speak—*Exciter*

If she gets too excited—*Controller*

If she talks too long—*Interrupter*

If her way of thinking is not yours—*Converter*

If she is willing to come half way—*Meter*

If she will come all the way—*Receiver*

If she wants to go further—*Dispatcher*

If she wants to argue—*Transformer*

If she goes up in the air—*Condenser*

If she wants chocolate—*Feeder*

If she sings wrong—*Tuner*

If she is a poor cook—*Discharger*

If she eats too much—*Reducer*

If she is cold to you—*Heater*

If she gossips too much—*Regulator.*

Rusty: Is there any connecting link between the animal kingdom and the vegetable kingdom, George?

George: Yes sir, hash.

Trunt: I haven't seen a newspaper for three weeks. Anything important happened while I was gone?

Sicska: Andy Gump yelled "Oh Min!" twenty-two times; Jiggs got hit nine times with a rolling pin; and Jeff said "Glub" when Mutt whammed him with a goldfish bowl.

Mr. Street (in the Cumberland Hotel): Say, waiter, I thought I ordered a beefsteak some time ago. Have you forgotten to bring it, or have I already eaten it, or didn't I order it?

True Love

- | | |
|-------------|------------|
| 1. A glance | 4. Advance |
| 2. A dance | 5. Romance |
| 3. Entrance | 6. Finance |

FOR SALE—A study lamp in good condition. Does not burn midnight oil. Tri-Kappa House.

NOTICE—We will help you cultivate the ability of free and easy speech. Apply for booklet. Trunt & Sicska.

Larry Thornton: I always sleep with gloves on. That is what makes my hands so soft.

Miss Ketchum: Hum. Do you sleep with your hat on, also?

Tommy: Marie, will you marry me?

Marie: Yes.

(A long deadening silence falls. Finally it is broken.)

Marie: Why don't you say something, Tommy?

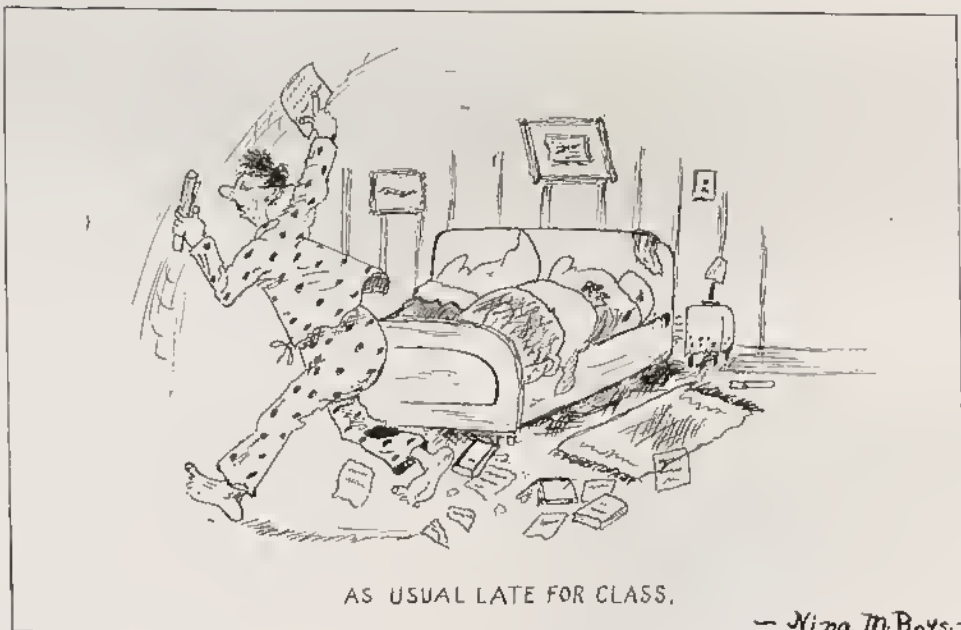
Tommy: I think I have said too much already!

Bob. Farnsworth: What do you do when you are kissed?

Dot. Mars: I yell.

Bob.: Would you yell if I kissed you?

Dot.: No, I'm still hoarse from last night.



What Every Frosh Intends to Be

Halfback on the football squad
Class president
Most popular man on the campus
Honor student
President of the Glee Club
Manager of Athletics

What He Is After a Successful Year

A Junior.

Page Mr. Gregg

Endymion: Well how's things going?

The Gladiator: Gosh, there ain't a guy in the house that can take decent notes any more.

Joey Donovan (having attended a football game that day) was quite excited, so that night when he knelt down to say his prayers, he prayed thus: God bless mama; God bless papa; God bless me, Rah! Rah! Rah!

(Harriette and Don go into Candyland. The waitress has brought them their order.)

Harriette: Did you order this sundae, Don?

Don: Goodness! Have I been here that long?

Drum: I wish to question you about a sad tale.

Mr. Hartman: Yes?

Drum: What is my mark in English?

Mrs. O'Neill: I'm sorry for you having a husband that's everlastingly singing. My husband sings about once a year.

Mrs. Parker: In his bath, I suppose!

Two hundred three

M. Clark: A man's fraternity pin on a girl's dress used to mean an engagement.

E. Cushner: Well, what is it now?

M. Clark: Oh, just necking privileges.

Mr. Clark: You'll have to stay in after school and work on your geography lesson. You didn't locate a single one of the cities.

Don Wilkes: I can't locate them, but I know how to tune in on the whole lot.

Sam: Ray, you didn't wash your face this morning.

Ray: No, I heard we were going to have grapefruit for breakfast.

Filosophy

A bore is a man who, when you ask him how he feels, tells you.

Most girls who haven't brains enough to cook a dinner have beauty enough to get one without cooking it.

A vacation resort is a place where the natives live on your vacation until the next summer.

Whatever trouble Adam had
No man in days of yore
Could say when he had told a joke
I've heard that joke before.





Thomas H. O'Neil

George Ballantyne

John A. McCarthy

James M. DeWitt

Robert B. Chapman

James M. DeWitt

James M. DeWitt

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Robert J. Carpenter

George Taylor

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A Pupil's Soliloquy

"A test tomorrow," the old Prof says,
And we with quaking hearts
Cram our skulls till wee small hours,
And night from Ma Earth departs.

We enter the room with catlike tread,
As Louis to his doom,
Wouldn't a little pony be
To our guilty souls a boon?

The questions are from Satan sent,
No other their author be,
And we poor victims all a-sweat
And very weak of knee.

We glance about to see if we
Are watched by the grouchy crab;
The paper from our neighbor's mill
Like a hungry sucker grab.

At last it's over, with a sigh,
And then the dreary wait;
We expect a mark of ninety-nine
And get just fifty-eight.

Oh, yes, these tests are sure a pest,
As you'll agree with me;
Let's make a motion that we kids
Just rule them out, by gee!

Mary: Why, Joyce, what is that on your face? It looks like ink.
Pat (feeling in his vest pocket): Gosh, that darn pen must be leaking again.

Helen, which would you rather have for a birthday present—a book or a kiss?
Well, George, you know that I can't read very well.

Grace: Are you a freshman?
Bruce: No, I just fell out of my crib when I was a baby and it left me in this condition.

Larry: I would sure like to play football in heaven!
Joe: Well, I wouldn't.
Larry: Why?
Joe: It would certainly be hell to be dropped from the team.

Mr. Clark's Keys

1. Phi Beta Kappa (Mondays and Fridays).
 2. Phi Kappa Phi (Tuesdays).
 3. Phi Kappa Mu (Wednesdays).
 4. Kappa Phi Kappa (Thursdays).
-

Don: Pop, I got in trouble at school today, and it's all your fault.
Mr. Wilkes: How is that, my son?
Don: Well, you remember when I asked you how much a million dollars was?
Mr. Wilkes: Yes, I remember.
Don: Well, the teacher asked me today and "A helluva lot" isn't the right answer.

It was dusk as he stopped at the roadside garage.
"I want a quart of red oil," said Mr. Rusterholtz.
The man gasped and hesitated.
"Give me a quart of red oil," he repeated.
"A q-q-quart of r-r-r-red oil?"
"Certainly," Mr. Rusterholtz said, "my tail light has gone out."



BLESSED is the Prof. who cuts his class for his cut shall be returned twofold.
 BLESSED is the one who marks the absent present, for of such there are very few.
 BLESSED is the co-ed who never breaks a date, for she shall be popular.
 BLESSED is the chaperone who dances, for who likes to sit out a dance?
 BLESSED is the girl who does not crab her courses, for she shall be glorified.
 BLESSED is the waitress who spills the soup down the other fellow's neck for she is the cause of much merriment.
 BLESSED is the one who talks personalities in the Strand for those around learn much not found in books.
 BLESSED is the one who giggles for with him the whole class laughs.

WANTED—A team that the football team can trim. Athletic Association.

FOR SALE—A used notebook with many blank pages. Thomas Hunt O'Neill.

WANTED—An increase in height. Beatrice Gokey.

FOR SALE—A nickname, at a sacrifice price. Suitable for any undergraduate. "Babe" Farnsworth.

Two hundred seven

NOTICE—Lessons given in "Necking" and "Petting Parties." I am well read on both and my price is popular. Prof. L. B. Clark.

WANTED—A sound-proof room in which Prof. Street may blow his horn. Student Body.

NOTICE—I am opening an æsthetic dancing class for young ladies. Scarf-dancing my specialty. Lillian Goodrich.

WHAT EVERY SENIOR REMEMBERS

Those Rostrum Essays



Monnie: Doesn't it give you a luxurious feeling to lie in bed and ring for your maid?

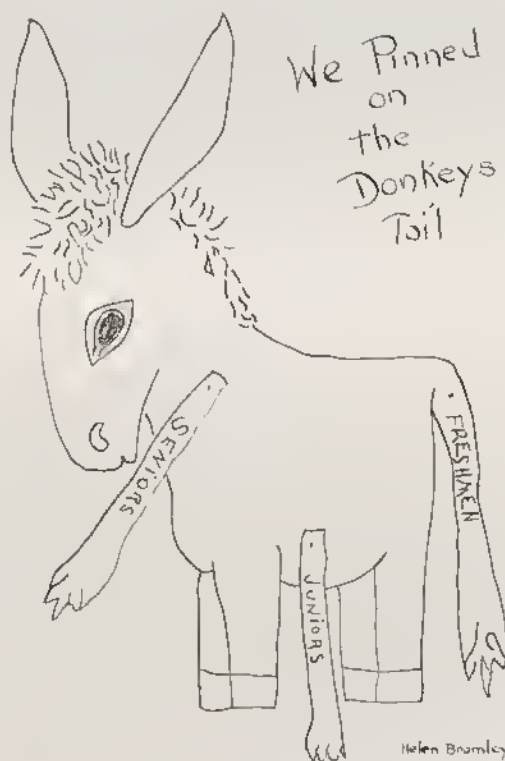
Mary: Why, have you a maid now?

Monnie: No, but I have a bell.

Listener: Do you play by request?

Becker: Yes, I do.

Listener: Would you please play dominoes until I have finished my dinner.



The Professional Photo

She has to doll up, seems to me,
For the sitting, bewilderingly.
Because it must strike her
That the less it looks like her
The dandier the picture will be.

Ruth: I'm going to have to stop
drinking coffee for breakfast.

Chappie: Why, so?

Ruth: I can't sleep in any of my
classes any more.

Favorite Sayings

Mr. Noyes: It is perfectly ob-
vious—

Mr. Clark: Now that is that,
so—

Miss Goodridge: More air, girls—

Mr. Thompson: When I was in
West Point—

Mr. Rusterholtz: Now, Mr. —,
don't you think—

Two hundred nine

"Two of Mr. Rusterholtz' science
students had an argument the other
day about evolution."

"Did they arrive at the same con-
clusion?"

"No, I should say not. One ar-
rived at the police station and the
other at the hospital."

The shoe said to the stocking,

"I'll put a hole in you."

The stocking said to the shoe,

"I'll be darned if you do."

Mr. Todd: Wasn't that young
Tresh who left the house as I came
in?

Alberta: Yes, Daddy.

Mr. Todd: Didn't I issue an in-
junction against him seeing you any
more?

Alberta: Yes, Daddy, but he ap-
pealed to a higher court—and
Mother said "Yes."

Faculty Ford

Gasoline	Students
Chauffeur	Dr. Hawkins
Accelerator	Mr. Thompson
Bumper	Mr. Clark
Cushions	Miss Ketchum
Transmission	Mr. Terwilliger
Horn	Mr. Street
Engine	Mr. Smith
Engine trouble	Grade Teachers
Differential	Mr. Diebolt
Wheels	Miss Hawkins
Shock absorbers	Mrs. Amsden
Head lights	Mr. Wilkes
Spark	Miss Carroll
Body (coach)	Mr. Hartman
Paint Job	Mr. Brown
Exhaust	Mr. Todd
P. S. N. S. 1929	Senior Class
Springs	Miss Goodridge
Oil gauge	Mr. Rusterholtz
Speedometer	Miss Alice O'Brien
Road map	Miss Ann O'Brien
Self-starter	Mr. Noyes
Brakes	Faculty Advisors
Tool kit	Janitors

The laziest woman in the world is the one who puts popcorn in her pancakes so they'll turn over by themselves.

Heard in Finance Glass

Joyce: Yes, all my ancestors were blonds.

Mr. Clark: Ah, you come of preferred stock.

WANTED—A book entitled "What to do in case of Love sickness." Bob Carpenter.

FOR SALE—After June 19, a "foggy atmosphere." I will have no further use for it. Good condition. Pat Brennan.

TO LET—A cultivated voice. Larry Thornton.

LOST—Several well-prepared lessons in the vicinity of the Strand. Finder please return to Clio House.

WANTED—A good flashlight, as I am too small to be out alone after dark. Helen Lucy.

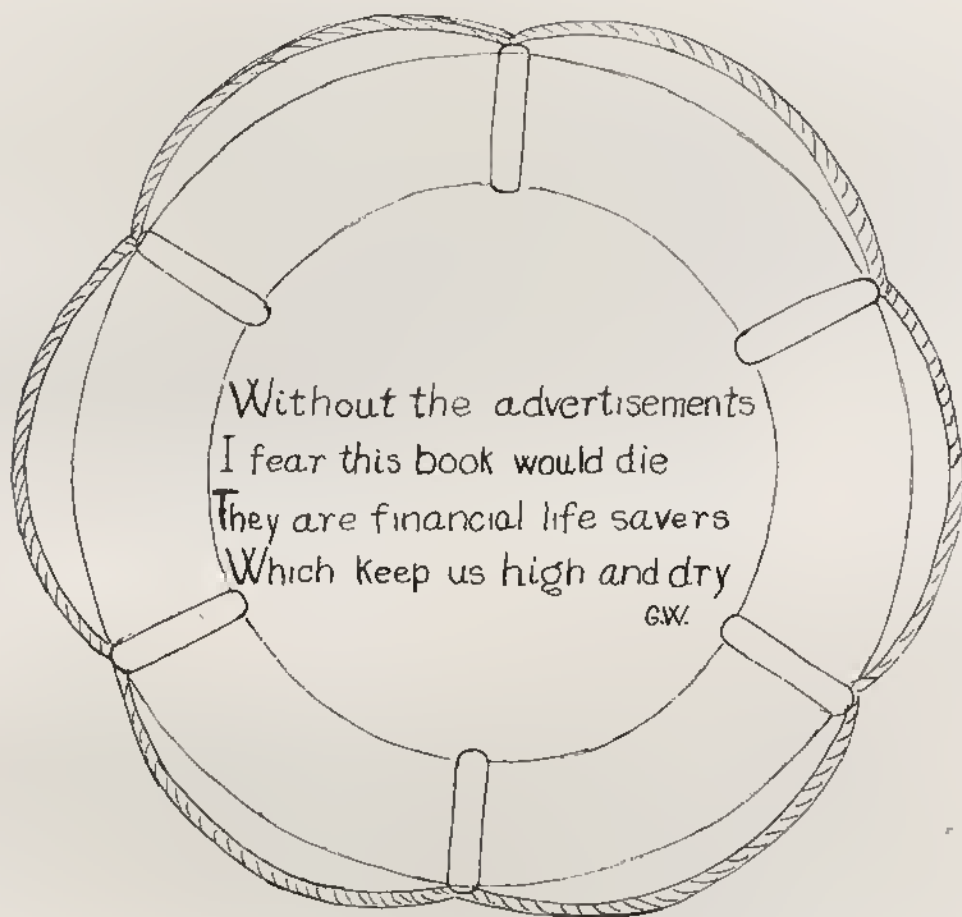
WANTED—A few more boys like Roberts to attend our classes. Female Teachers.

Heard in Mickey's

"Don't kid the coffee. You may be old and weak yourself some day."

Two hundred ten

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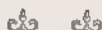
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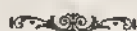


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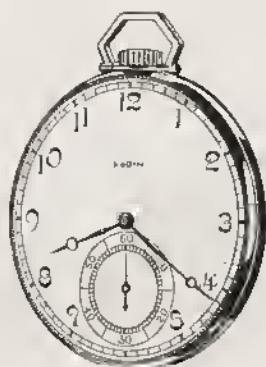
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TALK ABOUT—LET'S CALL IT THE "WEATHER"

SEE ALL

HEAR ALL

SAY NOTHING

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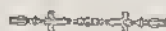
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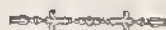
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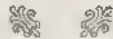
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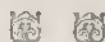
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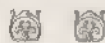
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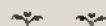
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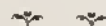
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THE members of the CARDINAL Staff wish to express their gratitude to Mr. H. Otis Noyes and Mr. W. G. Thompson who willingly and cheerfully aided us in our work.

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Wrecked not upon the rocks in angry sea
But here, her journey done, she breaks and scatters far
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